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No. 1,613



OCTOBER 27, 1900

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



I AM WHAT I IS  
WHAT I CALL IS  
I WHAT I HATH IS I

STRAND

190

LONDON

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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

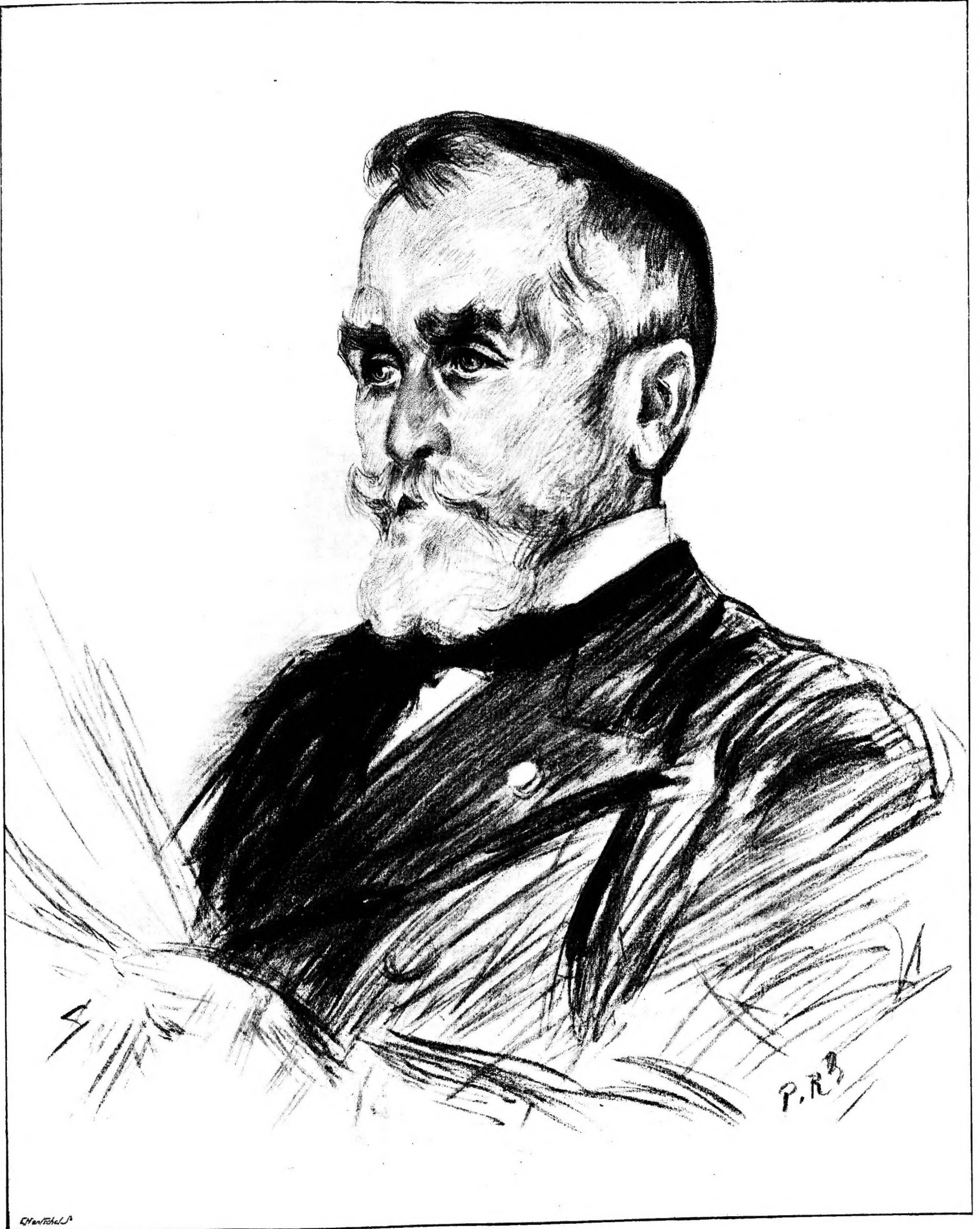
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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M. EMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



Topics of the Week

**The Anglo-German Agreement**

OF the agreement signed last week by Lord Salisbury and Count Hatzfeldt one may say, in parody of the Comte d'Artois's famous remark when he returned to Paris—"Nothing is changed; there is only an Anglo-German Agreement the more." Of the precise object of the Agreement, and whether or not it has been concluded in view of imminent contingencies, it is difficult to say without being in all the secrets of the Foreign Office. But one fact is manifest even to the man in the street. The Agreement is a further proof of the essential identity of British and German interests, a proof that, despite passing clouds, the two Empires find it natural and even easy to act together. For this reason it is eminently satisfactory. There is another cause for satisfaction in the Agreement. We have said it changes nothing. This is literally true. The integrity of China is still unassailed, and the Open Door has not, as far as we know, been threatened. The spheres of interest of the Powers remain precisely as they were before, and no right claimed by Britain in the Yangtze, or by Germany in Shantung, is either added to or diminished. Existing treaties are not interfered with. But the important thing that the Agreement achieves is that at a critical moment, when changes may easily be brought about, it supplies a means of consolidating the existing situation and of providing for it a sound and stable basis. In other words, while changing nothing it makes a practical effort to assure that nothing shall be changed, and provides that in the contingency of changes being threatened the immediate interests of the two greatest commercial Powers shall be safeguarded by their common action. From this point of view it is undoubtedly of the greatest practical importance. It is a provision for the future—a future that is still obscure, and which in the coming peace negotiations at Peking may easily reveal unexpected dangers. With this Agreement concluded Great Britain and Germany may enter on the diplomatic work awaiting all the Powers in China with the equanimity born of a consciousness that they have insured themselves against loss. This is the gain they both secure. The speculations of certain newspaper oracles as to whether one of the contracting parties profits at the expense of the other are vain imaginings based on a complete misconception of the nature and object of the Agreement. It is in no sense a deal or a bargain in which concessions on one side are traded off against compensations on the other. Rather is it in the nature of a pooling of the interests of both and a compact for their joint protection. Equally unfounded, we imagine, is the suggestion that it is aimed at any particular Power. On the contrary, we believe that one of its *lides mres* is that it may enable all the Powers to translate into a binding compact the self-denying assurances they have already published in unilateral form. Great Britain and Germany are, in short, not acting as a sort of Adullamites within the Concert of the Powers, but rather as a nucleus round which the Concert can form itself afresh. While any doubt exists as to the orthodoxy of any of the Powers on the fundamental doctrines of the integrity of China and the inviolability of the Open Door, absolute confidence and harmony are impossible. Hence, by acceding to the Anglo-German Agreement, the Powers will only reconstruct the basis of their co-operation on a more solid foundation than it previously enjoyed. Thus, to the cause of Anglo-German friendship, to the stability of the situation in the Far East, and to the solidarity of the Concert of the Powers, the Agreement is alike a substantial gain.

**Bryan or McKinley**

THE coming Presidential Election in the United States will probably rank as the most momentous in the history of the Republic. Of the vital issues before the country one is old and the other is new. The old issue is the question of the currency, which was the chief plank in the election of 1896, and the new is the question of trans-

marine expansion, or Imperialism, as the Democrats have to call it, which has been raised by the war with Spain and the consequent acquisitions in the West and East Indies. To the economist there is a curious connection between these two questions. Indeed, they are so closely allied that if the first were decided in a Bryanite sense—that is, by the adoption of a silver standard—the second would solve itself, inasmuch as Imperialism would no longer be possible. In all countries Colonial expansion is the result of a high prosperity. When the capital of a country is more abundant than local enterprises can absorb it must either find employment outside the country or its investing value must deteriorate. This is the case with the United States. The increasing industrial prosperity of the country and the completion of its railway system have rendered outlets for American capital in foreign and colonial markets necessary. With this must necessarily go a tendency to territorial expansion and an active interest in the politics of neutral markets. Hence, if the Imperialist question were the only one before the country it would not much matter in the long run whether Mr. Bryan or Mr. McKinley were elected, for in either case Imperialism could not be permanently stayed. The Democrats, however, by championing the silver standard have taken a course which, if successful, would inevitably kill Imperialism, for the change, which virtually amounts to national repudiation, would destroy the whole industrial prosperity and financial stability of the country, and would consequently render all interest in foreign markets superfluous. Happily there is no very serious risk of the tremendous revolution which the election of Mr. Bryan would imply. In 1896, when the United States were suffering hard times, when prices, values, securities, and wages were all as low as they could be, the electorate had the courage and the common sense to resist the silver bribe. To-day, when they are enjoying their reward in a prosperity never before equalled, they are less than ever likely to be tempted by it.

**Welcome Home!**

HISTORY through all ages might be vainly ransacked for a more genuine demonstration of appreciation than that accorded to the C.I.V.'s by the metropolis of the British Empire. From the moment when it was announced that Lord Roberts at last felt himself able to dispense with the further services of these gallant fighters, the minds of Londoners centred on the one question of what would be the best method of doing them honour. As is our insular way on such occasions, the multitude of counsellors was great if not over-wise in some instances. But the friction consequent upon controversy gradually evolved a scheme of reception which, if not ideally perfect in some of its minor details, cannot fail to convince the soldier-patriots that the heart of London is in the business. When they went forth nearly a year ago they virtually undertook to prove that the Volunteers are by no means mere carpet warriors, fit for nothing better than field days and sham fights. They came back to their fellow-citizens a body of trained and seasoned soldiers, who have acquitted themselves right bravely on many a stricken field. Lord Roberts has extolled their gallantry and dash, although very soon after they landed at Cape Town he had put their military quality to crucial test by ordering them to the front and giving them place in the foremost line. Other generals have borne the same sort of testimony; all agree in praising not only their splendid courage under hot fire, but their marked intelligence, good conduct in camp, philosophic indifference to campaigning discomforts and privations, and admirable *esprit de corps*. No wonder, therefore, that London feels proud of such citizens, or that all orders and conditions of men are at one in bidding them a hearty "Welcome home."

**The Borough Elections**

PERHAPS it may be just as well that the London borough elections, to take place next Thursday, do not excite much popular interest. There should be the better chance of securing capable men to fill up the several Councils; popular excitement rarely conduces to that object. In the majority of instances the contests will be fought on strictly Party lines, the Unionists having no mind to be again befooled as at the County Council elections. From a theoretical standpoint, this method of selection for municipal administration can hardly be defended, but it has answered well enough in provincial boroughs of the first rank. But the Ratepayers' Associations, very powerful bodies in many instances, will also have a voice in making choice between candidates, and, as they are assumed to be pretty free from partisan bias, the party wire-pullers should not have matters entirely their own way. In all probability, the upshot will be that some of the new boroughs will begin their existence in Progressive cradles, while others show preference for the Moderate pattern. If that happens, the one set will more or less balance the other set, a manifest improvement on the County Council, where the party in a minority has nothing for it but to register the decrees of the majority. Neither will there be the same likelihood of the dominant side endeavouring to drag on Parliament, while, in financial affairs, there should be rivalry in economy instead of heroic expenditure at the cost of helpless ratepayers.

**Pilgrim Kruger**

THE ex-President of the ex-Transvaal Republic is about to essay that rôle of Plebeian which he formerly enjoyed. All the Powers which he formerly courted are now his friends. Dr. Leyds. He will not have to court them, that worthy envoy is reported to have been being short of money to subsidize Congress. Ministers and journalists on a sufficiently generous scale. But we venture to question whether Mr. Kruger's will produce any more effect than his factorials though did. There will be, no doubt, plenty of recipients of bounty, but the days are gone by when it could be truly said that "every man has his price." Even before the distinguished pilgrim has got far on his voyage to the Continent authorities indicate pretty plainly that would greatly prefer his room to his company. Marseilles the mayor not only refuses to exhibit hospitality, but is doing all in his power to deprive popular demonstration of *début*. The truth is that Kruger, an actor all his long life, cannot understand that has remained too long on the stage. There was interest in his farewell performances so long as he talked about "staggering humanity" and "dying in the trench." But when nothing beyond ignominious flight from those magnificent promises of heroic resolve, the yawned and demanded the production of a new piece, a new performer. If the venerable wanderer is half as shrewd as he is supposed to be he will invest his hoards in securities and make start as a millionaire. There are plenty of people who never inquire where or how a plumed man has made his fortune so long as he spends it in such a manner as to give them pleasure.

The Court

THE QUEEN's stay in the Highlands is drawing to a close, as Her Majesty returns south for the winter early next month. The weather at Balmoral is much colder, but the days keep bright and fine, so that the Queen can still enjoy her long daily drives. The royal party are spending a very quiet time just now, while even Princess Beatrice has been away this week—going to Edinburgh to open the new Diamond Jubilee Pavilion at the Infirmary. The Princess stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Dalkeith Palace for the ceremony. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein kept the Queen company during Princess Beatrice's absence, and there were a few visitors nightly to dinner—Captain the Hon. Edward and Lady Elizabeth Dawson, Admiral Sir Edmund Comberrell, the Right Hon. A. Aker-Douglas, Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby, and Mrs. Neumann among others. Lord Salisbury arrived on Tuesday on a short visit.

To the great relief of her family the Empress Frederick continues to improve steadily if slowly. She grows stronger as the troubles diminish, and her heart is in a much more satisfactory condition, but her convalescence is likely to be somewhat long. However, now that the crisis is past, the members of the family are able to leave their mother. Prince and Princess Henry are going to Kiel and the Princes Adolphus and Frederick to Hanover. For the present the Emperor and Empress stay at Homburg. Emperor William spending an hour with his mother daily, while a telephone between Friedrichshof and the Castle at Homburg keeps His Majesty constantly informed of the Empress's progress.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Mr. Jameson, Stowmarket, Suffolk, early in the week. Though the visit was quite private there was a large party of intimate friends to meet the Prince, and the gentlemen had plenty of sport. For the next two months the Prince will divide his time between Sandringham and various country-houses, with occasional trips to town. The first house-party of the autumn season at Sandringham is for the Prince's birthday on November 9, when the Princess will be at home to welcome the guests. Accompanied by her two daughters, the Princess leaves Copenhagen for England on November 6, unless she decides to start a day or two earlier in order to visit the Empress Frederick on her way back.

The coming Royal visit to Australia is being arranged on a scale befitting the importance of the occasion. The Queen has decided that the Duke and Duchess of York shall be attended by a guard of honour representing every branch of the British Army, including the Volunteer force, and for the latter the Victoria and St. George's Rifles is the lucky regiment chosen to represent its arms. The Volunteer contingent will muster over fifty and will start in a month. Among the regular Army detachments will be a contingent of the 4th Norfolk in honour of the Duke and Duchess, in special connection with the county. The Australians are delighted at the idea, and so great is the enthusiasm throughout the Colonies that the Duke and Duchess are likely to have the most splendid welcomes ever accorded to Royalty. The Duke is up in town just now to superintend the arrangements for the annual show of the London Needlework Guild. Since the Duke succeeded her mother as President of the Guild she has worked with most untiring energy. Every garment contributed passes through her hands, and she personally superintends the whole arrangement of the display.

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IN  
THE GOLDEN PENNY  
This Week  
There is an interesting article entitled  
WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BLUES.  
With a clever diagram which shows at a glance the career adopted by men who gain athletic distinction at the Universities.  
Amongst other items of great interest in this number are articles and illustrations dealing with  
FOOTBALL,  
RUNNING,  
VOLUNTEERS,  
NOTABLE PEOPLE,  
NATURE NOTES,  
DEEDS OF DARING,  
INVENTIONS, &c., &c.



The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"STRAW-HATICISM ends." This should certainly be inscribed in the almanack on the 27th, being the last Saturday in October. For nearly five months has straw-haticism been *in excelsis* in the streets of London, but the frosty nights, the cutting winds and the sensation of snow in the air warn us that our light and picturesque thatch must now give way to a more substantial head covering. I had a most significant warning that I was clinging to a straw a little too long the other day, for a sudden gust twitched my hat off and whirled it along the street to the intense delight of everybody. The flight of a hat is, I believe, one of the oldest jokes in the world, but it is ever new and never fails to provoke the heartiest laughter from the lookers-on. The only person who does not seem to thoroughly appreciate the merry jest is the owner of the erratic head-gear. Possibly this may be that he thinks it hardly seemly of a man to laugh at his own joke, or far more probably it is that he looks like a silly fool and knows it. I am quite certain I looked it the other day and knew it, though I tried to appear as if I were the author of the most humorous entertainment of the season as I bowed my acknowledgments to the laughing crowd. You have no idea what a distance a straw hat will go when it has fairly well started on the edge of its brim, and you would be quite surprised to learn how many people you have to pay for bringing it back again. But the whole proceeding you will find is replete with the wildest comicality and the subtlest humour—especially when the hat belongs to somebody else.

A lady informs me that it is all nonsense, and that I could not by any possible chance extract any new girls' names out of the map of Gloucestershire. Well, I don't like to be too sure, but I rather fancy I could come very close to success in this direction. What does she say to fascinating Framilode, graceful Guiting, idyllic Idbury, frivolous Fretherne, lovely Lypiatt, winsome Wyndcliff, merry Maisemore, fair-haired Flaxley, beautiful Birdlip, attractive Ampley, sweet Salperton, unapproachable Uley, obliging Oaksey, and entrancing Evenlode? Well, there are fourteen excellent names picked out hap-hazard from the map of Gloucestershire. And it would be easy enough to find as many more. If you extend your researches throughout the map of England you will be perfectly astonished at the collection of pretty *prénoms* you are able to find.

Seeing the other day a paragraph in the papers to the effect that "certain of the houses and shops adjacent to the church of St. George the Martyr in the Borough" had been closed within the last day or two, I made a pilgrimage to see what devastation had been wrought in this oft-threatened portion of Dickensland. It is very possible that the houses referred to may have received notices to quit, but there was no outward and visible sign of their career coming to an end. The cheesemonger's shop that occupied the forecourt at one time, leading to the house of the governor of the Marshalsea, seems to have gone into another line of business, but the remainder of the houses in this neighbourhood are but little changed. Though the frontage of some of them has been altered, most of them are buildings of considerable antiquity. If I mistake not, the "neighbouring establishment decorated with three golden balls," mentioned in "Little Dorrit" as being a place where Mrs. Bangham was very well known, and which must have been a going concern for the last hundred years, seems to be more prosperous than ever. Next door to this, many years ago, was an old-established bookseller who blazoned the name of "Vardon" over his shop front. It is not at all impossible that this might have suggested the name of the valiant locksmith, Gabriel, and his coquetish daughter, Dolly, in "Barnaby Rudge." For it is on record that Dickens, years before he became famous or the aforesaid story was written, had lodgings for a time in Lant Street hard by. This was in 1822, which will be found to be the date of the opening chapters of "Little Dorrit."

*Aprèp*os of the sorrows of being photographed, to which I have recently alluded, "Sinbad the Sailor" writes:—"I quite agree with what you say concerning the difficulty in obtaining a pleasing photograph, and beg to offer you a picture which abolishes all anxiety as to what expression should be assumed. It also removes all anxiety on the part of the victim or his being troubled to look this way and that—the chin lower, not quite so grave, a little more to the left, please, now keep quite steady, &c., &c., &c. The three operations I most hate are: Having one's hair cut, trying on new clothes and being photographed." The words of Sinbad are words of wisdom, for they are most emphatically true. The first operation is annoying, especially when you are getting a little bit thin on the top and feel "the chilly touch of wizard's steel" this cold weather. (Razors are warmed by barbers, why shouldn't they treat their scissors with similar consideration?) The second is irritating, because you have visions in surrounding mirrors of half a dozen different views of yourself, each looking more ridiculous than the other, in strange-looking garments, patched with holland and basted with white thread, on which an accomplished artist is making rapid sketches in French chalk. But the third is exasperating, because you feel you are pretending to be somebody else, often with the accompaniment of a fly crawling over your forehead and a desire to sneeze. The portrait sent me is a back view of my correspondent, and demonstrates that he has successfully passed through two of the ordeals of most dreads. His back hair is artistically cut and most skilfully arranged, and his coat shows the hand of the artist throughout. No doubt he has gloriously survived the third and more severe trial of nerve and patience, for if he would only turn round I should probably say it was one of the most striking portraits I had ever seen.

TO VISITORS TO LONDON.

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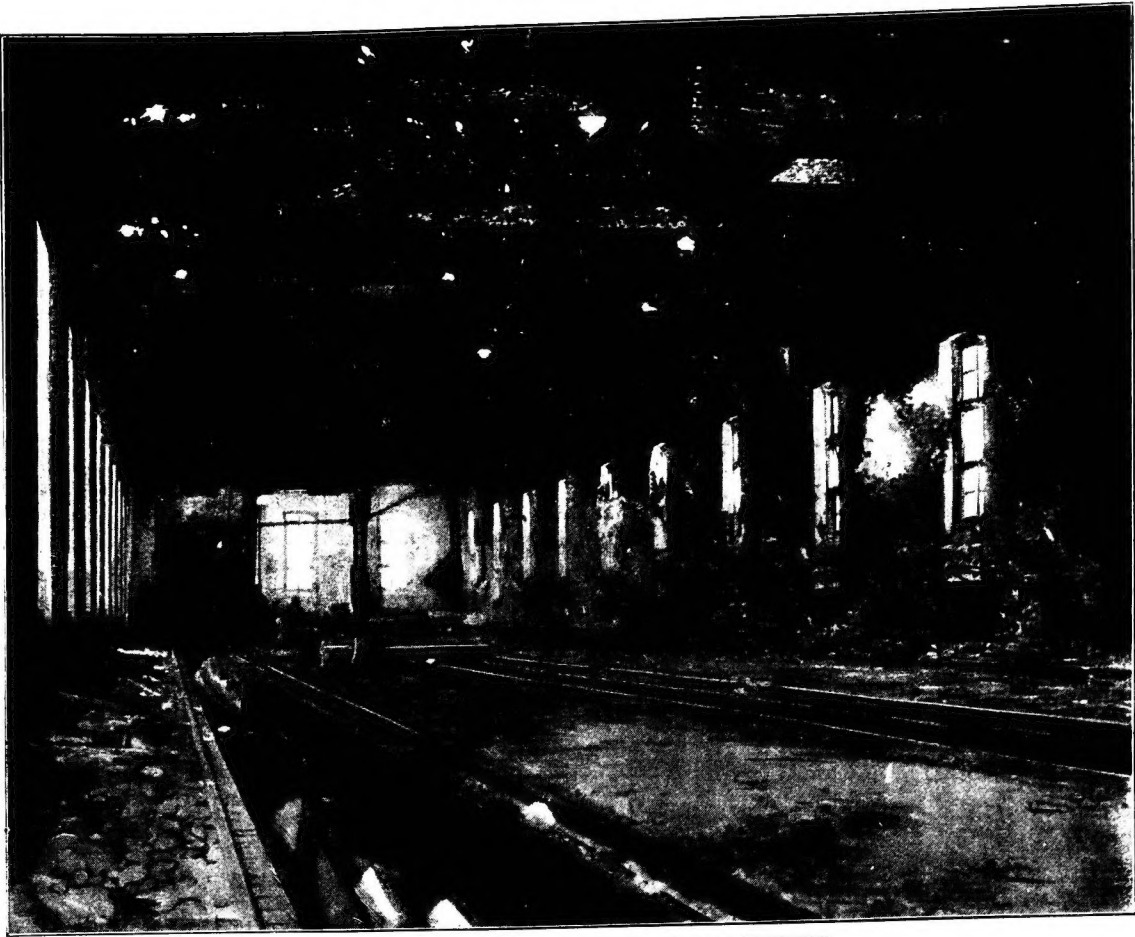


Exhibition  
Gottings

FROM OUR PARIS  
CORRESPONDENT

THE Exhibition of 1900 is nearing its close. The first outward sign of this has been the departure of the Colonials. Like the swallows, their departure for warmer climes announce the approach of winter. If there were any doubts felt on the subject, the appearance of the Auvergnat roast chestnut seller at the street corners would suffice to dissipate them. It is, however, somewhat early for him to appear. As a rule, it is only in the first days in November that he establishes himself in the capital. The reason for his early appearance this year is probably his desire to turn an honest penny with the last of the Exhibition visitors.

The Colonials seem to be departing according to the distance they have to travel, those furthest away leaving first. First the Tonkinois and the Annamites departed, and they were speedily followed by the Malagasy. Some of the latter, however, have become so enamoured of Paris that they refused to return to Madagascar. One remains to study music, another has ambitions in mechanics, a third is going in for medicine, and five others have accepted situations in Paris. The result of the departure of these people has been the suppression of the "Fête Coloniale" held every Wednesday at the Exhibition. This is not, however, any great loss, as it had begun to be a trifle monotonous. It merely consisted of a procession through the ground of three or four hundred Arabs, negroes, Annamites, Tnkinos, Malagasy, &c. A sort of stage-queen of Madagascar was borne on



INTERIOR OF TIENTSIN RAILWAY STATION AFTER BOMBARDMENT  
THE WORK OF THE BOXERS  
From a Photograph by Lieutenant O. S. Flower

a litter surrounded by the other Colonials in their most striking costumes bearing torches.

The last month of the Exhibition is not, however, the least brilliant. All the *retarditaires* who did not get to Paris in the earlier months are pouring into the city to see the great show before it closes. The daily attendance continues to average over a quarter of a million, with over double that figure on Sundays. This is also helping to make the fortunes of the theatrical managers. During the intense heat of the summer months, in spite of the crowds

of visitors in the day, they were playing on empty benches. Now, however, it is impossible to find a seat anywhere. The other night I tried to go to *Matinee St. Gène* at the Vaudeville, and found the only seat left was *au fond de la baignoire*. As I knew from stern experience that a back seat in a *baignoire* box in a Paris theatre spells a Turkish bath with complete impossibility of hearing or seeing anything, I declined and tried the *Opéra Comique* across the way, only to find that here there was not a single vacant seat. The same state of affairs prevailed at the *Folies Bergere*, "standing room only" being the order of the day. I was, therefore, forced to fall back on the *Hippodrome*, the new and magnificent circus which has been added to the attractions of Paris within the last six months. As this holiday five thousand people, it is rarely full, but the night I went to it, it was certainly not far from being so.

It is a curious sign of the times that in each of these establishments, with the exception of the *Opéra Comique*, a *German* inter-

preter was in attendance in the vestibule. Since the month of May our trans-Rhenan friends have simply owned Paris. Every café, restaurant, theatre, and music-hall is crowded with them. The "*Deutsches Wein Restaurant*" under their national pavilion has been adopted by the Parisians as the "*Restaurant Chic*" *par excellence* of the Exhibition, while there is never an empty seat in the "*Spatenbräu*" beer house. The days when the Chauvinist Paris press kept up a special rubric filled daily with insults and denunciations of the "*arrogant Teuton*" have faded away into the dim and misty past. In fact their former enemies are almost popular on the banks of the Seine.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENSEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CH. EADY, JERUSALEM

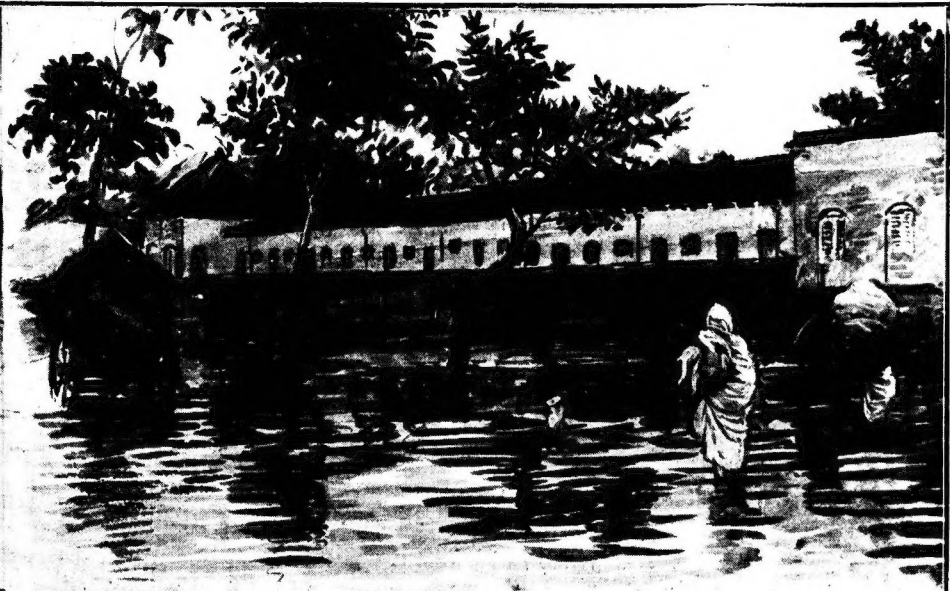
When the German Emperor paid a visit to the Holy Land, in November, 1899, he presented a piece of land called "La Dormition de la Sainte Vierge," on Mount Zion, to the German Catholics as a site for a church. The foundation stone of the church was laid on the 7th inst. in the presence of over five hundred Catholic pilgrims from Germany.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH ON MOUNT ZION





Circular Road



Lower Circular Road



Bringing dinghies for use in the streets



Houses damaged by the floods

HMP

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

The floods in Calcutta last month, which were due to an abnormally heavy rainfall, did an enormous amount of damage. When the rain ceased it was found that twelve persons had been killed and seventeen others injured. For four days almost all the streets in Calcutta were under water, the depth in some cases being six feet. A public meeting was at once organised for the relief of the sufferers, and a sum of 8,000 rupees was subscribed on the spot.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING: CALCUTTA AFTER THE LONG-AWAITED RAINFALL



# "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE betrothal of the Queen of Holland, emphasises once again the peculiar position of Royalty. More or less forced, from exigencies of State, to marry early, a young Queen may, however, choose her own husband, and, according to etiquette, propose to him. In the present case Queen Wilhelmina went with her mother to Germany to meet her suitor and convey to him her inclinations. We all remember how our Queen proposed, in maidenly bashfulness, to her beloved husband. Queens are saved much regret in the future by this strange custom, for, having chosen their spouse, they have none to blame but themselves if the marriage turns out miserably, and it is really a matter of wonder how often Royal marriages, arranged in many cases from motives of State, culminate in harmonious happiness. Perhaps a sense of the irrevocableness of the whole affair has something to do with it. Meanwhile the pretty girlish proposer adds an element of piquant novelty to the love-making which no suitor could resist. Let us hope that in this case the bright, clever, charming little Queen may find in her marriage the happiness she deserves.

Dolls are always attractive. How much more so when kindly fingers trim and dress them practically, so that their clothes will come on, for the neglected children of the poor. The charitable ladies who form the committee of the "Children's Happy Evenings Association" not only teach the little ones how to play (a seemingly unnecessary task, but one which unfortunately is imperatively needed by those who have neither mothers nor nurses able to spend with them their leisure hours), but give them the things to play with. The show of five hundred dollies at Bath House was a brave one, and fit to gladden the hearts of all little girls. They were beautifully dressed, some as grand ladies, some as peasants, some even as troopers in khaki (the latter by Mrs. Nesbitt, whose husband commands Nesbitt's Horse), Red Cross nurses, flower girls, Highlanders (and this, the best of all, promptly raffled for), as Her Majesty in her Coronation dress, all crimson, velvet and gold, and holding a Bible in her hand. Lady Jersey, Lady Idlesleigh, Mrs. Newdegate, and many other ladies of note have taken a lively interest in the work.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in his clever satire on servants, appears to have forgotten one item, viz., that a lacquey does not include a valet. Servants think as much of the differences in station as do their masters. A "lacquey" or "laquais" means emphatically a footman, one who wears livery, and, according to the oldest derivation, runs on foot beside the carriage. These were the swarms of powdered footmen, with their staves, who surrounded the great nobles of the last century, who collected in the ante-chambers, filled the cheaper places in the theatres, quarrelled, drank, and were emphatically a noisy, disreputable crew. The valet of to-day, the gentleman's gentleman, is essentially of a different type. He neither eats nor associates with the footmen, he sits in the "room," that sacred place whither the humbler domestics never penetrate, and as to inviting "Tommies" in uniform to a servant's dance, such an idea would never have entered his sleek, sedate, gentlemanly head. The very thought would shock a personage so eminently devoted to appearances, and whose cultured instinct leads him to copy his master to the extremest verge of the veneer of refinement.

Madame Sarah Grand has been lecturing on happiness. "We were born to be happy," she says, praising the liberty of free choice, and adding "there is even happiness in choosing to be miserable." None will dispute the latter dictum. The lady who takes a gloomy view of everything, who trades on her indispositions, her misfortunes, the tempers of her husband, the misdemeanours of her servants, and finds happiness in her complaints, is well known to all. So is the lady who takes refuge in the luxury of tears, who, like one I knew, invited you to "a cup of tea and a good cry," is certainly happy in her strange choice. But happiness in itself is capricious and elusive. One finds it in the most unlikely places, among the most miserably-conditioned of mankind; one seeks for it in vain in rich homes, replete with outward luxury and comfort. The truth is the happy life lies in ourselves; it is independent of extraneous circumstances, it can be cultivated, but must not be sought after. "En cherchant le plaisir on perd souvent le bonheur." It is like Heaven, a state rather than a place. Mothers teach it to their children, friends to their friends. It needs neither gold nor treasures. It can be found in the scent of a flower, the sigh of the wind, the luxury of doing good.

The craze for playing cards at all hours, seasonable and unseasonable, which now pervades Society, while affording plenty of excitement and some intellectual exercise, has also deprived us of those pleasant gloaming hours once fraught with so much quiet romance. Twilight lent itself to lovers' whisperings, to friends' talk, to just that charming soft playing and singing by heart to the piano which was the perfection of amateur performance. The hour before the lights were brought in became sacred to sentiment, sentiment of the purest and most ennobling kind. Words could be said, thoughts dreamt by firelight which would not bear the crude light of day. The ghost of things long dead started up, the touch of the unseen hand, the voice that was still, girls dreamt of their future, old people thought of their past, children listened to fairy stories from the lips of some magic storyteller, life's troubles receded, a breathing space in the day's duties gave rest and refreshment, everyone, young and old, loved the gloaming, but now, as soon as dusk comes, lamps are lit, the tables set, the cards shuffled, and business begins at once. Thus another slice of leisure has been cut out of our already too busy and too crowded existence.

It seems as if ladies could accomplish almost anything they set their minds to. I have been reading a story of adventure this week "By Order of the Company," by Miss Mary Johnstone, which has more dash and breeze about it than half the romances credited to men. She really gives one a picture of the times which very few artists are able to do. Her people are not mere puppets, they are both natural and interesting.

Boston. Time was when old ladies sat down to a game of draughts after dinner as regularly as the gentlemen to a game of whist. Time was when young ladies and curates played croquet for love on the green lawns during summer afternoons. Now scientific professors spend their life at draughts, putting into the game all their skill, patience and ingenuity. Bridge has superseded whist and become a fashionable and a gambling game, while the rules of croquet are as strict and the tournaments as interesting and serious as those of lawn tennis or archery.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

## The Regent of Sweden and Norway

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN, who has been appointed Regent of Sweden and Norway during the illness of King Oscar, who is still so weak that he must have complete rest from State affairs, is now in his forty-third year. He is known by his second name Gustaf, and by the title of Duke of Vermeland. In 1881 he married Princess Victoria of Baden, whose grandmother was a Princess of Sweden of the House of Holstein-Gottorp-Vasa. The Princess Victoria is a niece of the late Emperor William I. of Germany. The Duke of Vermeland is not so brilliant a scholar or so



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

many-sided a statesman as his father, but he is exceedingly popular on account of his amiable character and for the assiduity with which he devotes himself to the army and other institutions with which he is connected. He is a Swedish General and inspector of the military schools, and holds honorary rank in several German regiments. He has three sons, the eldest of whom, the Duke of Scania, was confirmed just two years ago. His other two sons are the Dukes of Sudermania and Westmanland. Our portrait of the Crown Prince is by L. Szacinski, Christiania, and that of the Crown Princess by G. Florman, Stockholm.

## Music of the Week

### ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

THE Richter Concerts started at St. James's Hall with a mixed programme of, for the most part, well-known, the least familiar item of which was Liszt's *Battle of the Nations*. This Symphonic Poem, which Mr. Manns was, we believe, the first to introduce to the Crystal Palace in 1879, is based upon a fresco of Von Karlbach, still preserved at Berlin, depicting a supposed conflict between Romans and Huns, the picture being represented in the music by the ancient melody, "Crux Fidelis." Without having any definite programme, it is, nevertheless, "programme" music, and various scenes are treated in that wonderfully complex and ingenious style which Liszt, in his Symphonic Poems, accustomed us. In 1879 it was considered eccentric, and perhaps the same description is applied to it by old-fashioned people now, although its intellectual and artistic qualities are quite beyond question. The best of the evening were those of Beethoven's "Leonora No. 3" and the Prelude to the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, while the Symphony was Brahms's Third in F. The attendance was smaller than when Dr. Richter places his chief reliance upon Beethoven and Wagner, composers of whom Richter audiences seem to have too much.

The Queen's Hall orchestra gave another concert at the Palace last Saturday, but without any special novelties, though including Beethoven's Piano Concerto in E flat, the first in which was performed with much breadth of reading and in execution by Signor Busoni, while the Symphony was Brahms's in C Minor. The programme otherwise comprised the first March and the final scene from *Götterdämmerung*, the latter again rendered by Madame Brema, who, except that she sang the music rather high for her voice, sang it very well.

At the Promenade Concerts the Queen's Hall orchestra has this week not introduced any special novelties. On Saturday, however, they gave for the first time Herr Mottl's second Suite on Gluck themes from Gluck's operas. The first Suite, based upon Gluck's measures by Gluck, was produced a year or two ago, and it at once took the public favour. The second Suite is upon similar lines, the operas drawn upon being *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Alceste* (a march from which forms the introduction to the work), and *Paris et Elena*, a *giazioso* from which supplies the basis of the middle and best movement. The rest of the Queen's Hall productions of last week were for the most part adaptations rather than original works for orchestra.

### VOCAL AND OTHER CONCERTS

Madame Patti at her only concert this season, given at the Albert Hall on Thursday last week, again drew an overflowing audience. There is no artist now before the public who can attract large congregations of people to miscellaneous programmes like Madame Patti. Also there are very few indeed now living who have been specially trained to sing florid music of the style popular with audiences of the last generation. Madame Patti, accordingly, was wise to include in Thursday's scheme the favourite air, "O Pao di" from *Linda*, as well as the "Willow" song from Rossini's now quite forgotten opera, *Otello*; a work which, if we recollect rightly, was last given here in the seventies by Madame Christine Nilsson and Herr Tamberlick, but which has since been entirely thrown out of favour by the opera on the same subject by Verdi. Grieg's "Solveig's Lied" was less well suited to Madame Patti, but her selection, which comprised three songs and three encores, likewise included Tosti's *Serenata*, Mozart's "Voi che sapete," and, of course, "Home, Sweet Home." This week Madame Patti, on tour with Mr. Percy Harrison, who gives thirty-six concerts in various parts of the country, nine of them with Madame Patti and nine with M. Paderewski.

Madame Brema, at her vocal recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, introduced to London the cycle of four songs of *The Soul's Expression*, composed by Mr. Coleridge Taylor, to sonnets by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and produced at the Hereford Festival. This time they were played with piano accompaniment, performed by the composer in person. Included in the programme, which likewise comprised old and new songs in various languages, was Schumann's cycle of eight songs known as "Woman's Love and Life."

Herr Reisenauer, the well-known pupil of Liszt, has retired from us, and has given the first of a series of pianoforte recitals. He, however, did not try any novelties, but the most successful feature of his programme was Schumann's *Carnaval*, of which he gave an interesting and unconventional reading. Mr. Henry Brindley, of the Popular Concerts, the best accompanist we now have in London, has likewise been among the concert-givers this week.

### MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

Alarmist reports, derived from Paris telegrams, were early in the week of the alleged serious state of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who, it was said, had gone to Monte Carlo to recuperate. Sir Arthur, it is true, has been suffering of late from the effects of a chill he caught in Switzerland last month. But he is still in London, and is, indeed, busy upon the orchestration of his new Irish opera, *The Savoy*. Before that work is produced, however, we are told (on November 10) a revival of *Patience*, which has not been here since it opened the Savoy Theatre in 1882. It was skit upon the same lines as Du Maurier's *Postlethwaite* in 1882. But the artistic craze is now at an end, and it is very possible that modern audiences may find it difficult to understand at all Gilbert in *Patience* is driving.

The anniversary of *San Toy* took place at Daly's Theatre on Monday. Some new songs, notably a frankly patriotic "Motherland," by Mr. Lionel Monckton, for Mr. Haydon were introduced, and the piece, besides being partly redressed with a new and effective scene for the second act, is now as bright and goes as merrily as ever.

There is some reason to hope that Dr. Grieg will visit London this summer. It is possible that he may conduct one of his own works at the Philharmonic Concerts, and if he comes to England he will certainly give a series of recitals of his own compositions in town and country.

I see that a great international draughts match is taking place in



## Our Portraits

COLONEL FRANCIS COXWALLIS MAUDE, C.B., V.C., a Military Knight of Windsor, was the eldest son of the late Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., by his first wife, Frances, daughter of Mr. A. H. Brooking, and a grandson of the first Viscount Hawarden. Born on October 28, 1828, in London, he was educated at Blackheath Proprietary School and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He joined the Royal Artillery in October, 1847, and served throughout the Indian Mutiny Campaign. Captain Maude was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and was awarded therevet of major and lieutenant-colonel, the Companionship of the Bath, the medal with two clasps, and a year's service and the Victoria Cross. The service which obtained for him the Cross is thus described in the field force orders of the late Major-General Havelock, under date October 17, 1857: "This officer steadily and cheerfully pushed on with his men and broke down the desperate opposition of the enemy, though with the loss of one-third of his artillerymen. Sir James Outram says that this attack appeared to him to indicate no reckless or foolhardy daring, but the calm heroism of a true soldier, who fully appreciated the difficulties and dangers of the task he had undertaken, and that, but for Captain Maude's nerve and coolness on this trying occasion, the army could not have advanced." He had been three times recommended for the Victoria Cross, once by the unanimous vote of the men of his battery, the vote being taken by ballot. He retired from the Army as a colonel in 1865, and from 1870 till 1880 was Consul-General at Warsaw. In 1895 he was appointed a Military Knight of Windsor on the Lever Foundation,

many other imperative considerations that cannot be overlooked. He is popular in Parliament, where his debating powers, clear language and keen humour have already secured him great authority over the House, while his foreign policy has had the confidence of foreign Governments. Next to the Emperor Count von Bülow is undoubtedly the most able German statesman of to-day. Our portrait is by Kuntzmüller, Baden.

Colonel the Right Honourable John Hay Athol Macdonald, C.B., commanding the Forth Volunteer Infantry Brigade, and formerly commanding the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment), has been made a K.C.B. Sir John Macdonald is Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland; Lord President of the Second Division of the Court of Session since 1888. He was born at Edinburg in 1836, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University and at Basle. He was made a Q.C. in 1880, was Sheriff of Ross, Cromarty and Sutherland in 1874-6, and of Perthshire in 1880-5. He has been a member of H.M. Prison Board, Solicitor-General for Scotland, Lord Advocate of Scotland, and President of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts. He has obtained many medals and diplomas for life-saving inventions, military works and electrical inventions. It was through his exertions with the Postmaster-General and the Government that post cards were introduced into Great Britain, and he is the author of a great many works on tactics, law and electricity. He is the oldest Volunteer officer on active commission, and the first Volunteer the Queen ever saw. Our portrait is by P. Caldecott.

Admiral Rawson, who is to proceed to the Far East and relieve Admiral Seymour, is one of our ablest and most energetic

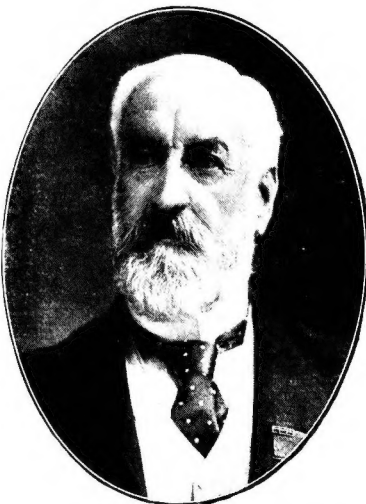
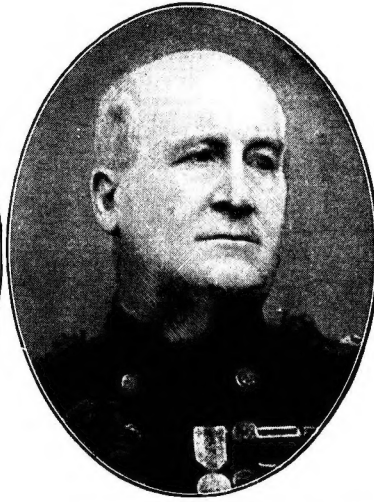
of Good Hope and West Africa Station. Born on October 1, 1846, Admiral Jeffreys entered the Navy in 1860. He served in the Egyptian War of 1882. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Lieutenant-General Henry Philip Hawkes, C.B., retired list, Indian Staff Corps, was the son of Mr. P. C. Hawkes, of Okehampton. He was born in 1834, and joined the Army March 3, 1850. He served in the Abyssinian War 1867-68, as Assistant Commissary-General; was actively employed in the Malay Peninsula in 1876 as Assistant Commissary-General with the Laroot column, and served in the Burma expedition, 1886-87 as Acting Commissary-General-in-Chief. Our portrait is by W. Salmon, Reading.

## "The Noble Lord"

BY W. MOY THOMAS

THE humour, satire, and fancy which formed so agreeable a blend in Mr. Marshall's comedies at the COURT Theatre are, unfortunately, greatly wanting in his new piece at the CRITERION. *The Noble Lord* is described in the playbill as a farcical comedy, and if mere extravagance were the same thing as good farce it might take a high place among pieces of that class. But there is no particular ingenuity in imagining a Prime Minister, a Leader of the Opposition, and a Leader of the Irish Party, who are all in love with the same pretty lady, nor is it necessarily comic to represent this fascinating person as absolutely determined to discard all

THE LATE COLONEL F. C. MAUDE, V.C.  
Indian Mutiny VeteranTHE LATE CAPTAIN C. E. MAGUIRE  
Killed at KumasiPRINCE HOHENLOHE  
Late German Imperial ChancellorCOUNT VON BULOW  
New German Imperial ChancellorTHE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. H. P. HAWKES, C.B.  
Late Indian Staff CorpsADMIRAL RAWSON  
Appointed to command in the China StationREAR-ADMIRAL A. K. BICKFORD  
Appointed to the command on the Pacific StationCOL. THE RIGHT HON. J. H. A. MACDONALD  
Created K.C.B.REAR-ADMIRAL E. F. JEFFREYS  
Selected for the command of the Cape of Good Hope StationCAPTAIN W. H. MAY, R.N.  
Appointed to be Director of Naval Ordnance

and last year was promoted to the Royal Foundation. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain Cecil Edmond Maguire, 4th Essex Regiment, assistant-inspector Gold Coast Constabulary, was killed in action at Kumasi on May 29. The Governor of the Gold Coast, in report of his death, describes Captain Maguire as "a gallant British officer, much regretted." Captain Maguire joined the 4th Essex Regiment in 1899, became lieutenant in 1898, and got his company February 22, 1899. He had been in the service of the Colonial Office since April 8, 1899, and had earned a high character for zeal and ability. Our portrait is by A. Ellis, Baker Street.

Prince Hohenlohe Schillingfürst has resigned his office as German Imperial Chancellor. He entered office some six years since with a reputation for unrivalled diplomacy and a splendid record of service, but the Imperial Chancellorship with an Emperor who is determined to be his own Chancellor is not an easy post, and Prince Hohenlohe, who is now eighty-two, doubtless feels that he would like to leave in younger hands the administration of Germany's new policy in China. Count von Bülow, formerly Foreign Minister, who has been appointed Imperial Chancellor, is President of the Ministry and Minister of Foreign Affairs, is comparatively young, being only fifty-one, and is a fluent and ready speaker. Indeed, he is generally considered to be the most suitable man to carry out the policy of Kaiser Wilhelm. It is expected, owing to his well-known dexterity, that he will be able to avoid those dangers and surprises which would overwhelm a less experienced man, and that he will find it possible to reconcile the intentions and ideas of his energetic and impulsive Monarch with

commanders. He has been continuously employed in charge of Fleets since May, 1895, having been in succession commander-in-chief on the Cape station, Channel station, and now on the China station. When on the Cape station he distinguished himself by his skilful conduct of the Benin Expedition and by his great attention to gunnery. In the Channel Squadron he has done remarkably good work. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Rear-Admiral Bickford has had a varied and exciting career. He took part in the now-forgotten bombardment of Shimonoseki in 1863, when the early Armstrong breech-loaders were first seriously tried and gave much trouble. He was gunnery lieutenant of the *Amethyst* when, in 1877, that ship, with the *Shah*, fought the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar*. On that occasion, it will be remembered, the British ships fired at the Peruvian for the best part of three hours, yet the damage done was altogether insignificant, only one Peruvian being killed and three wounded. Admiral Bickford afterwards was employed as transport officer in the Egyptian War of 1882. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Captain W. H. May, who succeeds Rear-Admiral Jeffreys as Director of Naval Ordnance, was born on July 31, 1849. He received his lieutenant's commission in 1869, was made commander in April, 1886, and captain January, 1887. He is an aide-de-camp to the Queen, and some time served on the Royal yacht. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Rear-Admiral E. F. Jeffreys, the present director of naval ordnance and torpedoes at the Admiralty, has been selected to succeed Admiral Sir Robert Harris in the command of the Cape

personal predilections and bestow her hand only on that one of the trio who can succeed in passing a Woman's Rights Bill, of which she is the author, through the House of Commons. Mr. Marshall's trio of distinguished politicians are inconceivable personages; and no amount of good-will in the spectator can enable him to put faith in the exchange of tender sentiments and political negotiations which are supposed, on the night of an important division, to be going on with the aid of the telephone between the Lobby of the House of Commons and the drawing-room of the Baroness Macray's mansion, in Carlton House Terrace. On the other hand, the dialogue is often very amusing, and those who have a taste for Parisian fashions have in the costumes of the ladies quite a sumptuous feast. Moreover, the acting is decidedly deserving of better opportunities. Miss Ellis Jeffreys makes a very handsome and vivacious Baroness Macray, and if there is in Mr. Bourchier's Lord Archibald Melrose little suggestion of Ministerial weight and authority, there is, at least, a pleasant humour in his matter-of-fact love-making and his dexterous avoidance of pledges in regard to the Woman's Rights question. Mr. Weedon Grossmith's Oliver Watson, M.P., seems curiously wanting in the enterprise and self-assertion which might be expected in a Leader of the Opposition. On the other hand, Mr. George Giddens's Terence O'Hagan, M.P., Leader of the Irish Party, is a trifle too suggestive of Donnybrook Fair to be, as folk say, "in the running" where the prize is an accomplished and beautiful lady of title. Miss Annie Hughes greatly amused the audience as the Lady Palmyra Fenton, a demure but audaciously intriguing little coquette, and Mrs. Charles Calvert, as the Marchioness of Middlesex, gave point in her best style to the many clever things which the author has put into her mouth.





"CLARICE"

FROM THE COLLECTION OF CABINET PICTURES, ENTITLED "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN," BY HERBERT SCHMALZ, EXHIBITED AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY, NEW BOND STREET



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

A Correspondent in Natal writes:—"We Levalists in South Africa love the Princess of Wales like you at home, but it is astonishing to find that the Boers too have a real respect for her."

RESPECTED EVEN BY ENEMIES: AN INCIDENT OF A BOER RAID IN NATAL

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

furniture in a raided house and had, with great delight, smashed and trampled upon the portraits of Rhodes and Chamberlain, but the portrait of the Princess was left untouched."





QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND  
BETROTHED TO DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN

## Theatrical Notes

THE run of the present revival of *Julius Caesar* at HER MAJESTY'S will end with the morning performance to-day (Saturday). The theatre will then remain closed, to re-open on Wednesday evening next with Mr. Stephen Phillips's new play, *Herod*, in which the leading parts will be played by Mr. Tree, Miss Maud Jeffries, Mr. Somerset, Mr. F. H. Macklin, Miss Eleanor Calhoun, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), and Mr. Norman Thorp. The play is in three acts, the scene in Jerusalem, the period thirty years B.C. Its story mainly relates to the love of the King for his wife Mariamne.

The builders and decorators are still busy at work in reconstructing and improving the IMPERIAL Theatre, preparatory to the commencement of Mrs. Langtry at this long-closed and neglected house. It is the intention of that lady to make it one of the prettiest of London playhouses, with a richly decorated foyer and smoking-room. She will probably open with a revival of one of the pieces of her repertory; but this will be soon followed by the new play, in which she is to appear as Marie Antoinette. The story will relate to the earlier period of the career of the unhappy Queen—the period in brief of the diamond necklace scandal, the key to which in the play will be the personation of the Queen by an impostor who takes advantage of a remarkable resemblance between herself and her victim. Mrs. Langtry will, in the technical language of the stage, "double" the part, that is, she will, by the aid of quick changes, impersonate both the real Queen and the counterfeit.

*Auld Lang Syne* at the LYCEUM will shortly give place to a revival of Mr. Hamilton's adaptation of *The Three Musketeers*, with Mr. Lewis Waller once more as D'Artagnan, and Mr. Mollison as Cardinal Richelieu. The part of Miladi will be played by Miss Lily Hanbury. At some later date it is intended to revive Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, with Mr. Waller as the King.

It is now definitively announced that Sir Henry Irving has abandoned his contemplated appearance in Byron's *Manfred*. The part of the self-torturing dreamer in his lone retreat among the Bernese Alps is hardly more than a mere declamatory one, though distinguished actors have not disdained to play it. In its place, Sir Henry promises a new play; but for the moment the energies of the company are absorbed in the exacting labours of a provincial tour. They appeared on Monday at Manchester, where the engagements extend over this and next week. They will not be seen in town again before Easter.

The new theatre at Woolwich, which was formally opened by Sir Henry Irving the other day, is one of the handsomest of the new suburban playhouses. It will hold 3,000 persons, and it is claimed by its builders that, with the exception of DRURY LANE and

COVENT GARDEN, there is no bigger theatre within the wide area of the County of London.

Instances of plays being abridged after performance are common enough; but Mr. Grundy is probably the first dramatist who has even extended a play after its production by the addition of a supplementary act. *A Debt of Honour*, at the ST. JAMES'S, came forth on the first of last month as a comedy in five acts; it is now extended by the addition of the same author's one-act piece entitled *In Honour Bound*, which was brought out some twenty years since at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, and which is now made to serve as an epilogue to the more substantial work. It will be remembered that the hero, whom Mr. George Alexander impersonates, bears the same name in both pieces, and is indeed the same person.

Messrs. Grossmith and Nugent's new piece, entitled, *The Gay Pretenders*, which will be produced on November 10, at the GLOBE Theatre, will have a quasi-historical story, as is shown by the fact that Mr. Richard Temple is to play King Henry VII., Mr. George Grossmith Lambert Simnel, Mr. George Grossmith, junr., Prince Harry, Mr. John Coates Perkin Warbeck, and Miss Letty Lind the Duchess of Burgundy. The piece, however, is a comic opera, and the librettists have availed themselves to the full of the license that is accorded in such cases to their class.

## The Betrothal of the Queen of Holland

QUEEN WILHELMINA of the Netherlands was born August 31, 1880, and came of age in August, 1898, that is to say, she reached her eighteenth birthday, was crowned, and took over the reins of Government from Queen Emma, who, for the eight years of her minority, had acted as Regent. From that time to this her loyal subjects have been anxiously awaiting the time when she should take to herself a consort, and the announcement of her betrothal has aroused great enthusiasm. Queen Wilhelmina Helene Pauline Marie is the daughter of King William III., who died on November 30, 1890. She was a pretty and merry child, she promises to be a strong and self-reliant ruler, while the Dutch people, who are devoted to her, are, as said before, in the highest spirits over her engagement to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The choice of a bridegroom came rather as a surprise, for Duke Henry had never been mentioned among Queen Wilhelmina's suitors, although Duke Adolph Frederic, his elder brother, had been included in the list. Duke Henry Vladimir Albert Ernest is the sixth son of the late Grand Duke Frederick Francis II. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin by his third wife, Princess Marie of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and is uncle to the reigning Grand Duke. He is twenty-four years of age, four years older than his bride-elect, and is an officer in the Prussian Chasseurs. The betrothal took place at the Queen's favourite country palace of Loo, and she presented her future husband to her people for the

first time on Saturday, when the *fiancés* and the Queen-Mother paid a State visit to The Hague. They had the warmest welcome, the crowds along the route from the station to the Palace shouting themselves nearly hoarse and singing the national air, "Wilhelmus," as the Royal carriage drove past. All the town officials welcomed the Royal pair at the station, and, later, Queen Wilhelmina held a reception of the Diplomatic body to introduce Duke Henry. A grand Court dinner was given in the evening, when Queen Emma proposed the health of the engaged couple, and dwelt on the importance of the alliance to the country. Congratulations are pouring in upon the Queen from home and abroad—the German Emperor, who has always shown so much interest in the young Sovereign, sending a very warm message. Duke Henry will have no easy part to play, for a Prince-Consort always holds a difficult position. More than one journal has suggested to Duke Henry that he cannot do better than model himself after Queen Victoria's Prince-Consort, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. Our portrait of the Queen of Holland is by Kameke, The Hague, and that of Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin by E. Bieber, Berlin.

## Dr. Conan Doyle and the Boer War

UNTIL the dispassionate historian of the future sifts down and arranges all the mass of material and conflicting evidence, Dr. Conan Doyle must be given the credit of having produced the best and most comprehensive book on the South African war which has yet appeared. Begun in England and continued on a steamer, the greater part was written, he tells us, in a hospital in the intervals of duty during the epidemic at Bloemfontein. Nevertheless, it carries the story of the operations up to the latest date, and it surveys the whole field of operations with a fine impartiality. "Often the only documents which I have consulted," says the writer, "were the convalescent officers and who were under our care," but from one source or another he has amassed a considerable amount of information that is new. The book opens with a brief historical sketch of the relations between Briton and Boer and the preliminaries to the war, and then forward the whole campaign is dealt with in sections. One of the greatest merits of the volume is that, besides telling the story in the main columns of advance, it reduces a mass of confused operations into a clear narrative, and for almost the first time we get the parts of the war focussed down to scale, and not over-accentuated by those who could not see in their right perspective to a great drama the events which they were witnessing. It might criticise Dr. Doyle in details, but there is so much to praise than to carp at that one may be content with calling attention to one or two telling passages in his narrative. It is unnecessary to say that the book is vigorously written. The author of "The White Company," it might have been known, could give us a word picture of a battle, and wonderfully realistic and telling.

\* "The Great Boer War." By A. Conan Doyle. With Maps. (Smith, Elder and Co.)



DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN  
BETROTHED TO THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND

some of those pages. Again and again he describes the horrors of modern gun fire, and he seems to think that its disastrous effects may change the conditions of modern warfare so that all odds may not be on the defence. Writing of Colenso, he says:—

It is a weird and soul-shaking experience to advance over a sunlit and apparently a lonely countryside, with no slightest movement upon its broad face, while the path which you take is marked behind you by sobbing, gasping, writhing men, who can only guess by the position of their wounds whence the shots came which struck them down. All round, like the hissing of fat in the pan, is the monotonous crackle and rattle of the Mausers; but the air is full of it, and no one can define exactly whence it comes. Far away upon some hill upon the skyline there hangs the least gauzy veil of thin smoke to indicate where the six men who have just all fallen together, as if it were some grim drill, met their death. And somewhere else, up yonder among the boulders, there rises a horrible quacking, a dreadful, monotonous, hyena laugh, which comes from the worst gun of all, the malignant one-pounder Maxim, the hateful "Pom-Pom." Into such a hell as this it was that the soldiers have again and again advanced in the course of this war, but it may be questioned whether they will not prove to be among the best of mortals to be asked to endure such an ordeal.

Those early battles stand very vividly before one in these pages, and very vividly comes back the gloom of the days when we received news of disaster after disaster; but while we would like to forget the disasters, we would not like to forget the heroism of the men—rank and file, and such tales as that of the gunners at Colenso says much for the spirit of our Army.

One gun on the right was still served by four men who refused to leave it. They seemed to bear charmed lives, these four, as they strained and wrestled with their beloved 15-pounder, amid the spurting sand and the blue wreaths of the bursting shells. Then one gasped and fell against the trail, and his comrade stood beside the wheel with his chin upon his breast. The third threw up his hands and pitched forward upon his face; while the survivor, a grim, powder-stained figure, stood at attention looking death in the eyes until he too was struck down. A useless sacrifice you may say; but while the men who saw them die can tell such a story round the camp fire, the example of such deaths as these does more than clang of bugle or roll of drum to stir the warrior spirit of a race.

How fearful was the lead storm may be gathered from the fact that one gunner was found with sixty-four wounds in his body. Dr. Doyle has many interesting things to say of the men who made and lost reputations, and it is interesting to hear him say of Buller:—

The singular thing is that in his proceedings he showed qualities which had not been generally attributed to him, and was wanting in those very points which the public had imagined to be characteristic of him. He had gone out with the reputation of a down-right 'o'm Bull fighter, who would take punishment or give it, but slog his way through without wincing. There was no reason for attributing any particular strategic ability to him. But, as a matter of fact, setting the Colenso attempt aside, the crossing for the Spion Kop enterprise, the withdrawal of the compromised Army, the Vaalkrantz crossing, with the clever feint upon Brakfontein, the final operations, and especially the complete change of front after the third day of Pieters, were strategic movements largely conceived and admirably carried out.

Of Lord Roberts, like anyone else, he cannot speak too highly. Alluding to the fact that, in spite of his sixty-seven years, he preserves the figure and energy of youth, he mentions that he has carried into late life the habit of martial exercise, "and a Russian traveller has left it on record that the sight which surprised him most in India was to see the veteran commander of the Army ride forth with his spear and carry off the peg with the skill of a practised trooper." To General French he pays many a tribute, though he recognises and criticises the something wanting in his action at Poplar Grove. Of General Kitchener he says, "it is not given to the greatest man to have every soldierly gift squarely developed, and it may be said without offence that Lord Kitchener's cool judgment upon the

actual field of battle has not yet been proved as conclusively as his long-headed power of organisation and his iron determination." This is, of course, with reference to the unlucky battle of Paardeberg—the one blot on a magnificent series of operations—when eleven hundred casualties resulted from playing the old game, that is to say, making an advance across the open on an entrenched enemy. Of the gallantry of the troops then and many another occasion Dr. Doyle has much to say. He pictures the Guards marching into Bloemfontein. "Black with sun and dust, staggering after a march of thirty-eight miles, gaunt and haggard, with their clothes in such a state that decency demanded that some of the men should be discreetly packed away in the heart of the dense column, they still swung into the town with the aspect of Kentish hop-pickers and the bearing of heroes." And again, speaking of all that the Army accomplished up to the entry into Bloemfontein, he calls attention once more to the fact that "all this was accomplished by men on half-rations, with horses which could hardly be urged beyond a walk in a land where water is scarce and the sun semi-tropical, each infantryman carrying a weight of nearly forty pounds. There are few more brilliant achievements in the history of British arms."

When he comes to dealing with the lessons of the war, Dr. Doyle shows himself in favour of the most radical changes. It is the spirit and not drill or discipline, he says, that makes a formidable soldier, alluding to the clerks, miners, and engineers who helped to save Ladysmith on January 6, and he wants the country to have fewer soldiers, but those few highly trained—not in drill, but in shooting.

It costs as much to convey and feed a worthless man as a good one. If he is not a dead shot with a rifle, what is the use of carrying him seven thousand miles in order to place him in a firing line? One man who hits his mark outweighs ten who miss it, and only asks one-tenth of the food and transport. If by paying three times as much we can secure one man, it is an obvious economy to the country to do so. Eliminate the useless soldiers and increase the pay of the useful ones, even if it reduces our Army to a hundred thousand men. With our Reserves, our Militia, and our Volunteers we can always fill up the ranks if it is necessary to increase their number.

If it has done nothing else, he thinks the war has reduced the bugbear of the invasion of England to an absurdity. "With a moderate efficiency with the rifle the able-bodied population of this country could, without its fleet and without its professional soldiers, defy the united forces of Europe," he says. There is only one thing which wins a battle, and that is straight shooting. There is only one weapon apart from artillery—the magazine rifle. Lances, swords and revolvers have only one place—the museum. The simplest way to reform the cavalry, he thinks, would be to abolish it, and only have mounted infantry, and, though he gives to the artillery the honours of the campaign, he draws attention to one failing of vital importance which occurred "again and again during the campaign"—namely, firing on our own men. At Talana Hill our guns opened with shrapnel at less than two thousand yards upon our own stormers, and drove them, with some loss, off the crest which they had captured. Surely artillery officers might have glasses which would prevent them making such mistakes. Dr. Doyle's great point, though, is that the Army should be made more efficient, and, though he would decrease the number of professional soldiers, he would liberally encourage volunteering, and so extend the Militia Act as to give us a million men for home defence, but don't waste time with plaguing men with obsolete drill is his last word; teach them how to shoot and how not to be shot, and then all will be well.

## Studies and Sketches at the Royal Institute

THERE is a peculiar charm about an artist's sketches and studies for his pictures, for they are apt to reveal, more frankly than finished pictures are prone to do, the painter's real individuality, to set forth his personality in a manner which quickly places the spectator on terms of friendship, even of intimacy, with the man who produced them. You enter his studio, so to say, at his particular invitation, and with his special permission you peep over his shoulder at his work. He seems to paint before you; he shows you how it's done; he tells you whence he got all those charming bits of background, those notes of rolling moor or dancing waves. None of the labouredness of finished work is here (there are a few examples, it is true, of incomplete, highly finished pictures masquerading as studies, but we turn aside and pretend not to see them), you perceive first impressions hurriedly put down with skill to satisfy the painter not to dazzle the spectators. You have the sight of an exhibition fairly free of affectation, and with a ring about it of honesty, or, at least, of absence of pose, which is not found in the nature of things cannot be expected, and certainly is not found, generally speaking, in the full-dress exhibitions. Mr. Whistler declared, in one of the happier aphorisms which he has invented or reproduced, that a true artist's picture is complete from the beginning. At the Institute there are many complete beginnings, fresh, unaffected, happy, because comparatively artless in selection and arrangement, unlaboured, yet beautiful in colour, haphazard, yet excellent in drawing.

In the Central Gallery we find the drawings hung in the old fashion, without particular reference to the identity of the artist; but in the other rooms the excellent plan is adopted of giving to each exhibitor a "panel" to himself. This arrangement allows of a clearer appreciation of the aim and method of the painter besides sparing the spectator such constant reference to the catalogue. In this intelligent spirit we may follow the work of the old favourite Institute painters and the promising efforts of the younger men and women. The swift sketch method certainly tends to bring about a certain general level of excellence (for of a dozen masterly sketchers here not two could bring their work to an equally masterly conclusion); but even in the case of old favourites we see them in new moods and in new surroundings. Mr. Gregory's studies of a cart and a waterfall are miraculous as exercises in light and colour, for we will not speak of his exquisitely finished "Lady of the Launch," who, with all her grace, has no business here. Sir James Linton's stately studies of grave men for execution in stained glass are alike beautiful in colour and texture (the latter, surely, a quality not needed in window-work). We have interesting work from Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. Phil May, Mr. Rainey and Mr. J. R. Reid, Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Arthur Severn and Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Dudley Hardy and Mr. Hal Hurst, Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Orrock, Mr. Lee Hankey, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Nisbet, Mr. Bernard Evans, and Mr. Edwin Hayes. These are but a few among many. Besides, there is a clever sketch of a shore-and-lake scene, signed "Beatrice," by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, Hon. R.I. S.





COLOUR-SERGEANT J. MACKENZIE  
Awarded the V.C.



LIEUT. W. J. P. BENSON, C.I.V.  
Appointed to Sir F. Forestier-Walker's Staff



MR. HAMILTON GATLIFF  
Organiser of the War Office Agency for the  
distribution of parcels at the front



CORPORAL R. S. CHADWICK, C.I.V.  
Who has been given a commission

## War Portraits

COLOUR-SERGEANT MACKENZIE, Seaforth Highlanders, 1st West African Frontier Force, has been recommended for the Victoria Cross. His gallantry during the fighting at Dompassi is spoken of as one of the pluckiest actions of the war. After capturing and burning the town, the troops returned to Bekwai, having successfully completed their work within twelve hours. The manner in which the Hausas brought up the guns, wading to their knees in slush and mud, was remarkable, as they were under fire the whole time. Our portrait is by D. N. Bali, Rawal Pindi.

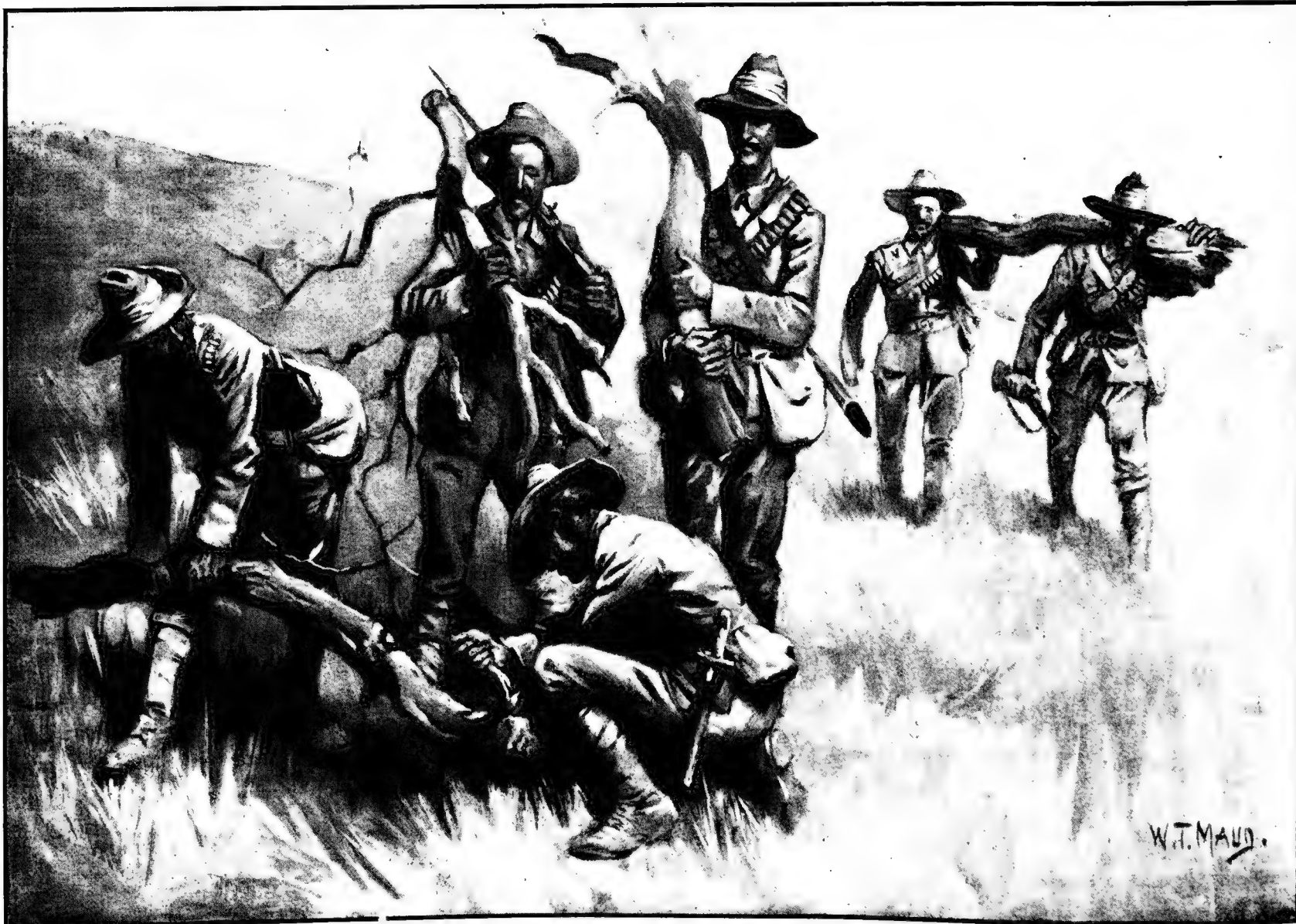
Lieutenant W. J. P. Benson, C.I.V., after being in command of the Base Depot C.I.V. for some months, was appointed on the staff of General Sir Forestier-Walker as "Assistant Staff Officer for Prisoners of War." His particular task is to see to the deportation of "indigents and undesirables" from South Africa, among whom are some curious and notorious characters. Our portrait is by J. Watson and Co., Cape Town.

An organisation which must have largely contributed to the happiness and welfare of the troops serving in the field owes its inception to Mr. Hamilton Gatliff, who generously undertook, with the approval of the War Office, the establishment of an agency for the receipt and distribution of gifts addressed to soldiers at the

front. In the closing weeks of the year, 1899, Mr. Hamilton Gatliff left London in order to control the agency from its base at Cape Town. The most ardent imagination could never have pictured the magnitude of this self-imposed but patriotic task, or the difficulties to be surmounted. Floor-space on the Government quays was at a premium, and ships arrived daily bringing hundreds of tons of gifts for the troops, varying in size from a pipe and two ounces of tobacco, to huge cases and bales as formidable as an American travelling trunk, and almost as unmanageable. During the first eight weeks of its operations the agency dealt with and despatched upwards of three thousand cases and 90,000 parcels individually addressed, and in less than six months these gifts had reached the enormous total of 348,434, a record being kept of every package so forwarded. The chief impediment to rapid distribution lay in the fact that nearly the whole of the available transport was monopolised by the Government for military supplies. So soon, however, as Bloemfontein was occupied, and Kimberley, Mafeking, and Ladysmith relieved, Mr. Gatliff established branch agencies at these places, and the comparatively long halt of Lord Roberts with his legions at the first-named town enabled an enormous quantity of comforts for the hospitals and presents for the troops to reach their respective consignees. Small parcels were placed in sacks and addressed to the officer commanding the regiment, who undertook the work of distribution. A travelling clerk was constantly employed traversing the lines of communication, and expediting in every practicable way the delivery of the consignments. In addition to this work of personal supervision, involving travel

for many thousands of miles under conditions of some and not a little danger, the base agency was, of course, with correspondence from the consignors of gifts or from recipients of expected parcels; letters came in by every snowstorm, taxing the resources of the staff to its utmost. That not a few illegibly addressed and flimsily packed parcels have failed to reach their destination need be a matter of regret. Much re-packing was, however, done at Cape Town, and an effort made to ensure the prompt and safe delivery of the parcels of packages entrusted to the agency, and Mr. Gatliff's satisfaction of carrying an onerous task to a successful issue, mitigating the rigours of the campaign has won the grateful acknowledgments of all sorts and conditions of people at home and abroad, from the Field-Marshal commanding to the private serving in the ranks. Our portrait is by Lafayette.

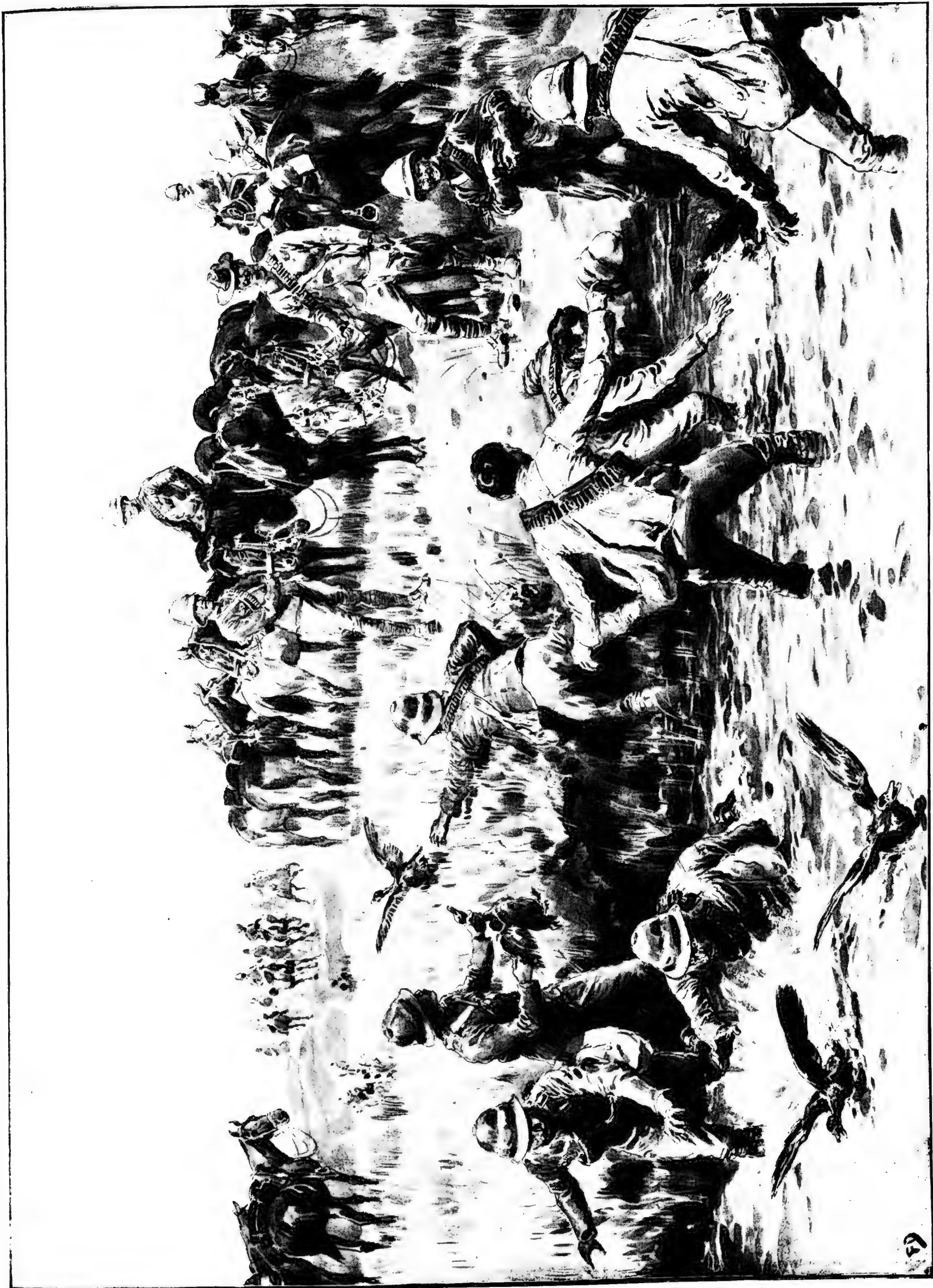
Corporal R. S. Chadwick has been recently promoted to the ranks of the Mounted Infantry section of the C.I.V.'s to lieutenant in the 9th Lancers, having been especially recommended by Lord Roberts. Lieutenant Chadwick is twenty-three years of age; he was educated at Marlborough and early showed his keenness for soldiering by joining the College Volunteer Corps; he shot for the Ashburton Shield at Bisley in '92 and '93. On leaving school he joined the Inns of Court, also known as the Devon's Own, and with them went out to South Africa at the beginning of hostilities. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

A GROUP OF CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON WOOD FATIGUE  
THE "LORD MAYOR'S OWN" AT THE FRONT

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY "PHOTOGRAPH"



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY "PHOTO LETTER"  
TOMMY'S DINNER: AN UNLOOKED-FOR STROKE OF LUCK DURING THE PURSUIT OF DE WET  
A Correspondent writes: "When ducks are met with in a pond on the march, the soldiers rush for the ducks so tumultuously and prematurely, that they are jammed, by driving out to the centre again. Many amusing scenes occur in consequence, soldiers falling into the mud in their eagerness. A dozen men surround the pond and all try to drive the birds in different directions."



## Boers and Boxers

### Two Travellers for Europe

PERHAPS the most significant events that have been reported to us from South Africa during the past week were the departures of ex-President Kruger and Sir Redvers Buller for Europe, so that these distinguished protagonists in the late war may be said to have paired off for the remainder of the struggle, which is now fast verging to its close. As for the grief-stricken "Oom Paul"—who "groaned audibly," and no wonder, on boarding the *Gelderland*, the Dutch cruiser which is carrying him to Marseilles—his leave-taking had more the look of that of a thief in the night than of anything else, while, on the other hand, Sir Redvers enjoyed a continuous triumphal procession all the way through Natal down to Durban with addresses of welcome and congratulation, banquets, swords of honour, profuse bunting and acclaiming bravos. At Durban he told a story of two dogs (Boer and Briton) who had fought (in 1881), and were separated, and felt that they would never be right until they had fought it out again. "We have fought it out," concluded the General, "and we have come out on top. We shall be good friends afterwards, because the top dog never takes advantage of his position." That we are now the top dog was also attested about the same time by Lord Roberts himself, who, when reviewing some Colonial troops at Pretoria—and he was "the first Field-Marshal in the world," he said, "to review an Imperial Army"—remarked that "the war was now over, but it was a mistake to suppose that there was no further need of their presence." A great mistake, indeed, in view of the pretty accurate statement recently made to the Paris Committee for the Independence of the Boers by its President, Senator Pauliat, to the effect that "a guerrilla warfare has been organised throughout the country. The commandos are appearing everywhere harassing the enemy's columns, cutting their communications, destroying the railways, surprising the provision and ammunition convoys, and imposing continual alerts upon the British troops which are exhausting them."

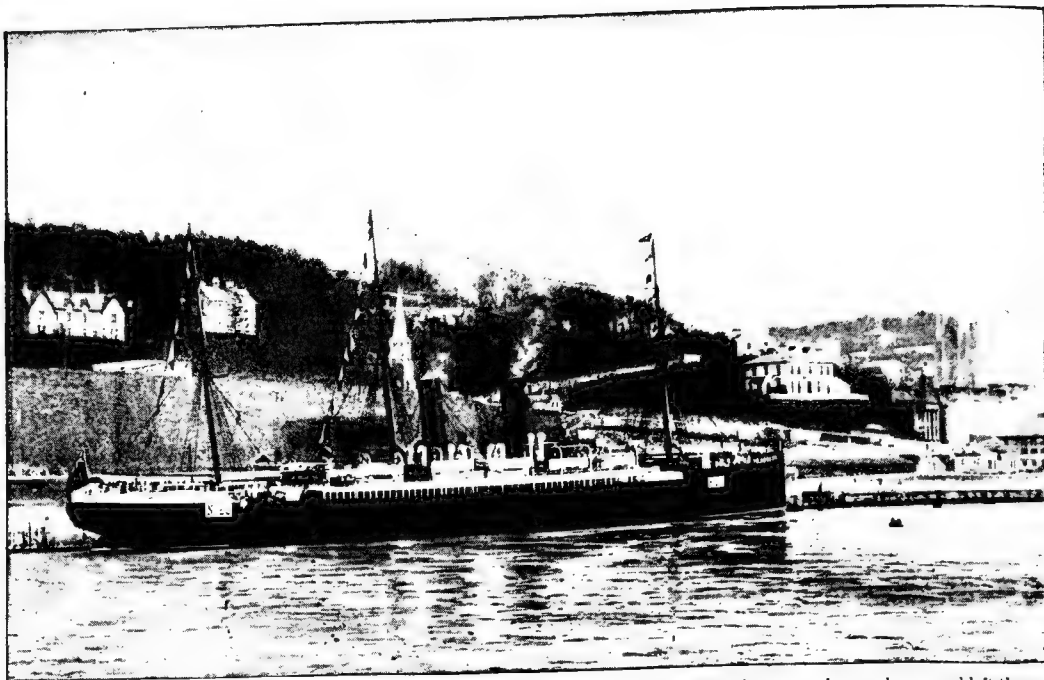
### Energetic Raiding

It is unfortunately impossible to deny that these words of "our friends the enemy" across the Channel fairly well generalise the details of Lord Roberts's recent despatches from Pretoria, have expressed his lordship's "surprise at the persistency" of the broken and disbanded Boers. "The Boers have torn up a mile of railway and telegraph line at Platrand, east of Standerton;" "a party of Boers managed to get into Jagersfontein during the night of the 16th inst. In the morning, a fight ensued: our losses nine men killed and two mortally wounded. The Boers lost their Commandant and twenty of their number killed;" "Barton reports from Ullverdiend that Boers in small parties are in that neighbourhood doing all the mischief they can;" "the Boers are now threatening our lines of communication"—such are samples of the despatches which have reached us from the front during the past week, though the *per contra* side of the account nevertheless continues to be in our favour, with its repulses, its killings and its capturings of men and material, including another haul of over 200 waggons by that champion cart-catcher, Lord Methuen; while General Barton at the same time scored an in-taking of "several thousand cattle and sheep." Kelly-Kenny intended taking "strong measures" against the inhabitants of Jagersfontein, "who played us false;" while at Pretoria, according to one correspondent, "the opinion is generally entertained that the time has now come for proclaiming the confiscation of property owned by burghers still in the field, otherwise there is every prospect of another six months of weariness and inconclusive guerrilla fighting." But things might be different if only Steyn, De Wet, and Botha could be added to the number of our prisoners—Botha, the Boer Generalissimo, whose brother has already set him a good example by recognising the utter hopelessness of continued resistance to our arms, and surrendering—a resistance which is now said to have entailed a Boer loss of over 10,000 in killed and wounded, apart from the 17,000 who are our prisoners.

### Negotiations in China

Yet in spite of the continued resistance of the Boer guerrillas, Lord Roberts looks upon the Boer War as now finished; while, according to a telegram from Peking, Count Waldersee, whose flag has been flying over the Imperial Winter Palace since the 17th inst., also said that "he regarded the Chinese campaign as over, and that he expected to be recalled soon." The ground is being rapidly prepared for the peace negotiations, though prior to the formal opening thereof the Powers will hand in to Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching identical Notes stating that nothing can be done until the chief offenders have been punished in accordance with the German demands. After that it will only be a question of procedure on the basis of the conditions formulated in the Note of M. Delcassé. So far, it has been decided that the Ministers at Peking shall, on the ground of instructions received from their respective Governments, prior to each meeting with the Chinese Commissioners, settle in common the limit of the demands and concessions which shall be made. This will prevent the Chinese from setting one claim against another, and playing off one Minister against another. Escorted by the Australian contingent, which relieves the Welsh Fusiliers, Sir E. Satow has reached Peking to take the place of Sir Claude MacDonald, while the Russian Minister has been ordered back to the capital from Tientsin, "in order that he may, together with the Representatives of the Powers, enter into negotiations as soon as possible with the Chinese Plenipotentiaries."

Those negotiations promise to be successful by reason of the essential unanimity now prevailing among the Allied Powers. "All the interested Powers," wrote the French Minister at Washington to Mr. Hay, "have adhered to the essential principle of the French Note. The essential thing is to show the Chinese Government, which has declared itself ready to negotiate, that the Powers are animated by the same spirit, and that while they are determined to respect the integrity of China and the independence of its Government, they are none the less resolved to obtain the satisfaction to which they have a right." While cordially agreeing with all this Mr. Hay replied: "The United States believes that the happy influence upon the determination of the Chinese Emperor and his Government which France anticipates, as the result of this step, would be still further induced if the Powers were to include as part of their initial declaration a collective manifestation of their determination to preserve the territorial integrity and administrative



The Cunard liner *Auranian*, with the City Imperial Volunteers on board, touched at St. Vincent on the way home, and left there on the 19th inst. She was due at Southampton yesterday afternoon, and the C.I.V.'s are expected in London about one o'clock to-day (Saturday)

THE CUNARD R.M.S. "AURANIA," WHICH HAS BROUGHT THE C.I.V. HOME

entirety of China, and to secure for the Chinese nation and for themselves open and equal commercial intercourse between the Chinese Empire and the world at large."

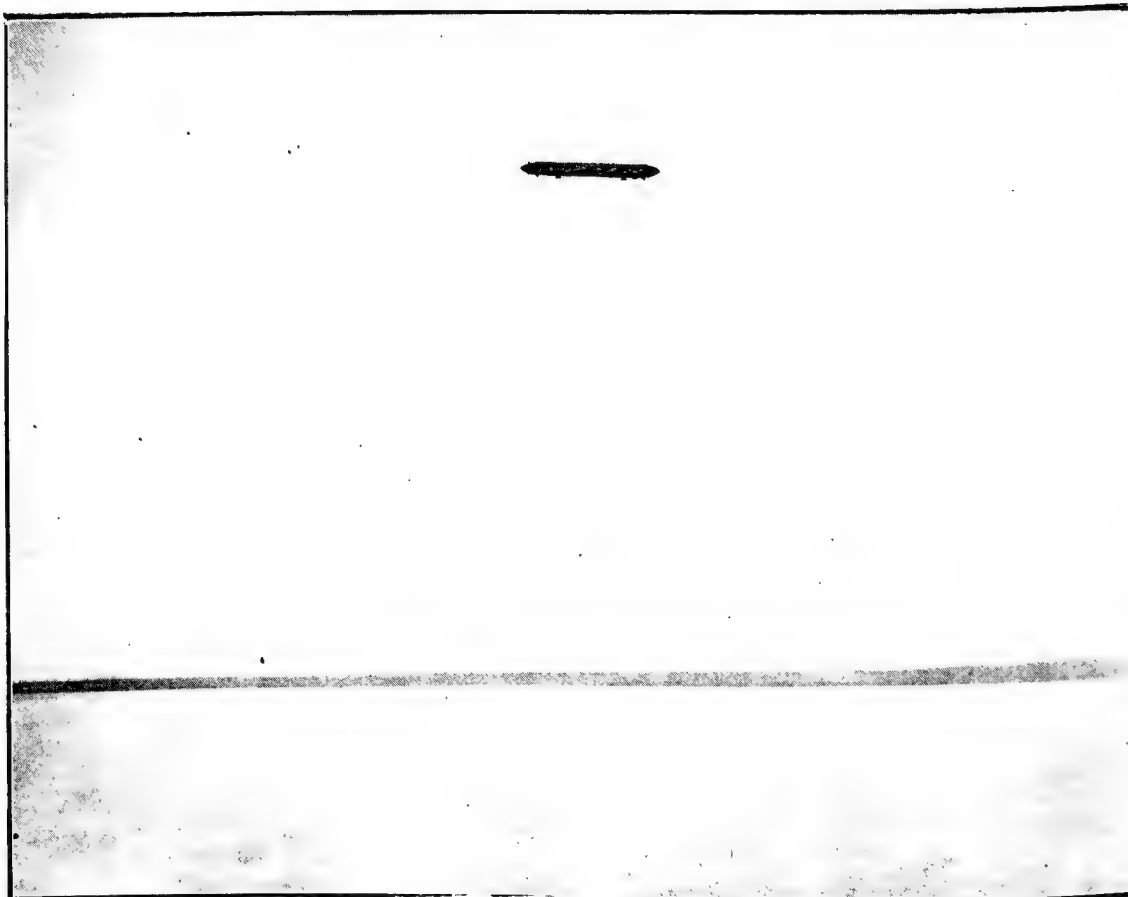
### The Anglo-German Agreement

Curiously enough this was written by Mr. Hay in entire ignorance of the Anglo-German Agreement, formed by an exchange of Notes between Lord Salisbury and Count Hatzfeldt, by which the two Governments proclaimed themselves in favour of the integrity of the Chinese Empire on the basis of existing treaties and the policy of the "open door" on the Chinese coasts, and invited all the other Powers concerned to subscribe to the principles formulated in the said agreement. Regarded from the purely Chinese point of view—though it will also have other important effects nearer home, notably on the mind of the Boers who can now no longer hope for moral support even from the public opinion of Germany—this Agreement must have the effect of clearing the ground at Peking and facilitating the negotiations by showing the Chinese that there are limits to the guarantees for the future which we ask of them; though how this self-denying ordinance is to be brought into harmony with France's demand for the international occupation of a chain of armed forts from Peking to the coast remains to be seen. Nevertheless, the conclusion of this Anglo-German Agreement was generally recognised and applauded as an immense advance towards a settlement of the present phase of the Chinese question. This Agreement, in the nature of a self-denying ordinance, was dated the 16th inst., and on the following day, more perhaps *post hoc* than *propter hoc*, Count Waldersee ran up his flag over the Imperial Winter Palace at Peking.

## The Late Mr. W. L. Thomas

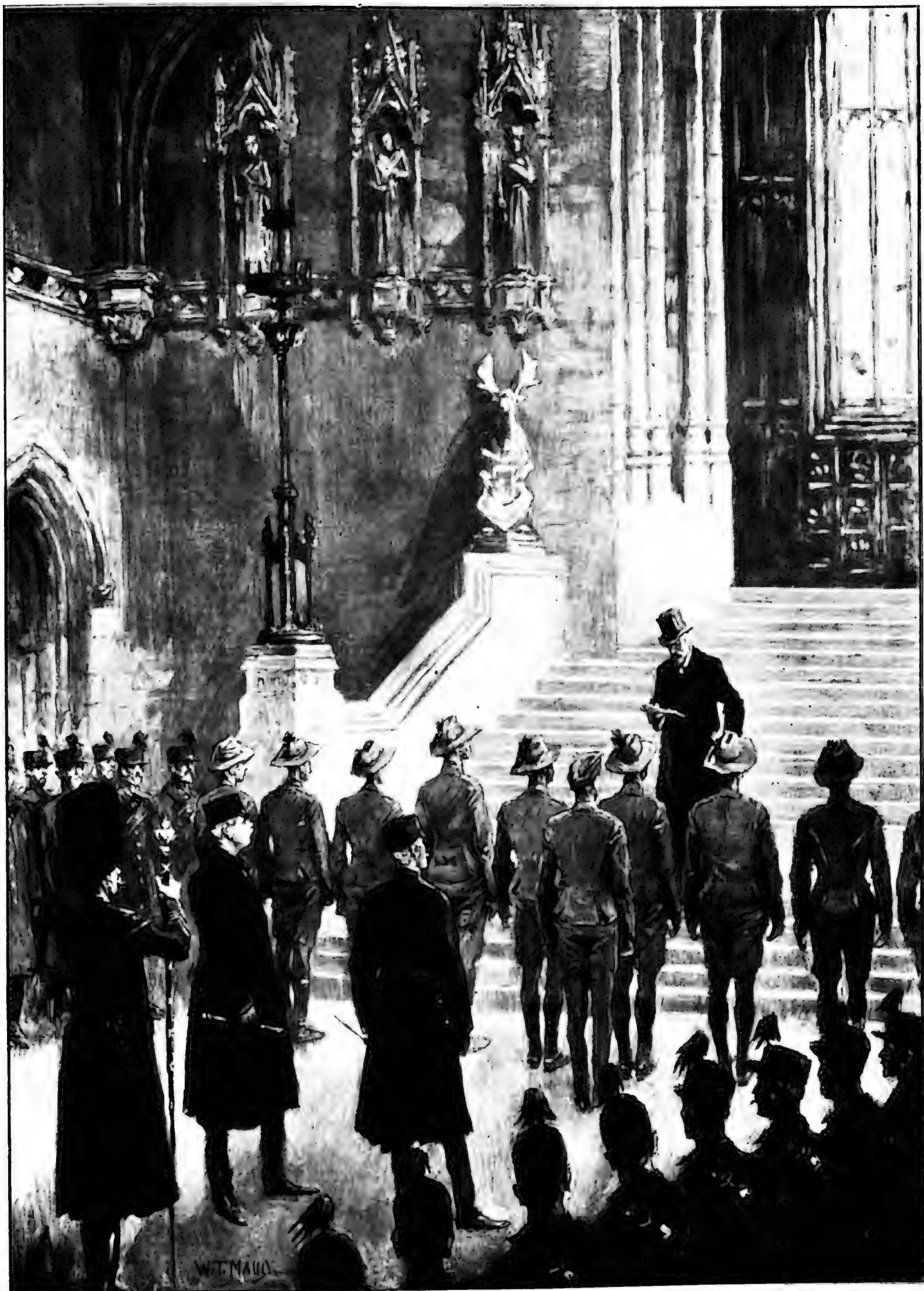
ON Friday last week the remains of the late Mr. William Luson Thomas were cremated at Woking. The ceremony was private, and was attended only by Mr. Thomas's sons and the household servants, the service being performed by the Rev. E. Schmalz. At the same hour a touching memorial service was held at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand. The Rev. J. J. H. S. Pennington officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. Earle, the hymns chosen being "Let saints on earth in concert sing," "Peace, perfect peace," and "For ever with the Lord." The "Dead March" from *Saul* was played by the organist, Mr. F. J. Marchant, at the close of the service, which was attended by a very large number of friends and the staffs of *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic*. Mr. Thomas left strict injunctions that his ashes should not be preserved, and that no tombstone should be erected. Not that any such memorial will be needed to keep his memory green, as he will ever live in the hearts of all through the good work he wrought in his lifetime, and a better memorial than this his friends could not desire.

Mrs. W. L. Thomas and family desire to thank the many friends who have expressed their sympathy with them in the loss sustained by the death of Mr. William Luson Thomas.



Herr Eugen Wolff, who recently took part in an ascent of Count Zeppelin's air-ship at Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, has given the following account of his experience:—"The trial lasted an hour and twenty minutes. The start upwards was first-rate. The air-ship moved at an almost unvaried height of 300 metres, and went against the wind. All the steering tests proved the efficacy of the new gear, and the air-ship satisfactorily answered the movements of the steering apparatus. The horizontal stability of the vessel was wonderful. Any list was easily counteracted by shifting the sliding weight. The speed of the air-ship was such that when going against the wind it outstripped the motor boats on the lake. In still air its own speed was at least eight metres per second. We descended at full speed in the direction of the air-ship's head, rather faster than we expected owing to an as yet unexplained escape of the whole of the gas in one of the balloons in the forward part of the ship. No damage of any importance was sustained in the descent. Our photograph is by A. Wolf, Constance

THE ZEPPELIN AIR-SHIP: A TRIAL TRIP OVER LAKE CONSTANCE



A full parade of the Corps of Commissioners was held in Westminster Hall, on Sunday, when Sir Edward Walter delivered an address of welcome to the Colonial Volunteers who have returned invalided from the front, and are at present staying at the Headquarters of the Commissioners

A WELCOME TO THE COLONIAL VOLUNTEERS AT WESTMINSTER HALL LAST SUNDAY

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY TROOPER E. HUGHAM

A Correspondent, who has been a patient in the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, writes:—"Very few at home could possibly realise what it means to struggle from the front, tired and worn, sick and cold, hungry and dirty, with perchance some gaping wound, callous to everything past, present, or future, after sleeping

on the open veldt exposed to all the varying weather of this African climate; and then to be placed in all the comfort, ease and luxury of this most perfect hospital. It is not long, under such treatment as we receive here before we recover from our wounds or sickness."

THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT DEELFONTEIN: LUNCH TIME IN THE CONVALESCENT CAMP



"Martin had dealt his assailant such a blow upon the arm that the poniard jarred from his grasp"

## LYSBETH

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A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

### CHAPTER XI.—(continued)



HEN Dirk had kissed and welcomed his young cousin he ushered her, still accompanied by the saddle, into the room where his wife and Foy were at supper, and with them the Pastor Arentz, that clergyman who preached to them on the previous night. Here he found Lysbeth, who had risen from the table anxiously awaiting his return. So dreadful were the times that a knocking on the door at an unaccustomed hour was enough to throw those within into a paroxysm of fear, especially if at the moment they chanced to be harbouring a pastor of the New Faith, a crime punishable with death. That sound might mean nothing more than a visit from

a neighbour, or it might be the trump of doom to every soul within the house, signifying the approach of the familiars of the Inquisition and of a martyr's crown. Therefore Lysbeth uttered a sigh of joy when her husband appeared followed only by a girl.

"Wile," he said, "here is our cousin, Elsa Brant, come to visit us from The Hague, though why I know not as yet. You remember Elsa, the little Elsa, with whom we used to play so many years ago."

"Yes, indeed," answered Lysbeth, as she put her arms about her and embraced her, saying, "Welcome, child, though indeed," she added, glancing at her, "you should no longer be called child who have grown into so fair a maid. But look, here is the Pastor Arentz, of whom you may have heard, for he is the friend of your father and of us all."

"In truth, yes," answered Elsa curtsying, a salute which Arentz acknowledged by saying gravely, "Daughter, I greet you in the name of the Lord, who has brought you to this house safely, for which give thanks."

"Truly, Pastor, I have need to do so since——" and suddenly she stopped, for her eyes met those

of Foy, who was gazing at her with such wonder and admiration stamped upon his open face that Elsa coloured at the sight. Then, recovering herself, she held out her hand, saying, "Surely you are my cousin Foy; I should have known you again anywhere by your hair and eyes."

"I am glad," he answered simply, for it flattered him to think that this beautiful young lady remembered her old playmate, whom she had not seen for at least eleven years, adding, "but I do not think I should have known you."

"Why?" she asked. "Have I changed so much?"

"Yes," Foy answered bluntly; "you used to be a thin little girl with red arms, and now you are the most lovely maiden I ever saw."

At this speech everybody laughed, including the Pastor, while Elsa, reddening still more, replied, "Cousin, I remember that you used to be rude, but now you have learned to flatter, which is worse. Nay, I beg of you, spare me," for Foy showed signs of wishing to argue the point. Then turning from him she slipped off her cloak and sat down on the chair which Dirk had placed for her at the table, reflecting in her heart that she wished it had been Foy who rescued her from the wood thieves, and not the more polished Adrian.

Afterwards as the meal went on she told the tale of their adventure. Scarcely was it done when Adrian entered the room. The first thing he noticed was that Elsa and Foy were seated side by side, engaged in animated talk, and the second, that there was no cover for him at the table.

"Have I your permission to sit down, mother?" he asked in a loud voice, for no one had seen him come in.

"Certainly, son—why not?" answered Lysbeth, kindly. Adrian's voice warned her that his temper was ruffled.

"Because there is no place for me, mother, that is all, though doubtless it is more worthily filled by the Rev. Pastor Arentz. Still, after a man has been fighting for his life with armed thieves, well—a bit of food and a place to eat it in would have been welcome."

"Fighting for your life, son!" said Lysbeth astonished. "Why, from what Elsa has just been telling us, I gathered that the rascals ran away at the first blow which you struck with your staff."

"Indeed, mother; well, doubtless if the lady says it, it was so. I took no great note; at the least they ran and she was saved, with the others; a small service not worth mentioning, but still useful in its way."



"Oh! take my chair, Adrian," said Foy rising. "and don't make such a stir about a couple of cowardly footpads and an old hag. You don't want us to think you a hero because you didn't turn tail and leave Elsa and her companions in their hands, do you?"

"What you think, or do not think, brother, is a matter of indifference to me," replied Adrian, seating himself with an injured air.

"Whatever my cousin Foy may think, Heer Adrian," broke in Elsa anxiously, "I am sure I thank God who sent so brave a gentleman to help us. Yes, yes, I mean it, for it makes me sick to remember what might have happened if you had not rushed at those wicked men like—like—"

"Like David on the Philistines," suggested Foy.

"You should study your Bible, lad," put in Arentz with a grave smile. "It was Samson who slew the Philistines; David conquered the giant Goliath, though it is true that he also was a Philistine."

"Like Samson—I mean David—on Goliath," continued Elsa confusedly. "Oh! please, cousin Foy, do not laugh; I believe that you would have left me at the mercy of that dreadful man with a flat face and the bald head, who was trying to steal my father's letter. By the way, Cousin Dirk, I have not given it to you yet, but it is quite safe, sewn up in the lining of the saddle, and I was to tell you that you must read it by the old cypher."

"Man with a flat face," said Dirk anxiously, as he slit away at the stitches of the saddle to find the letter; "tell me about him. What was he like, and what makes you think he wished to take the paper from you?"

So Elsa described the appearance of the man and of the black-eyed hag, his companion, and repeated also the words that the Heer van Broekhoven had heard her utter before the attack took place.

"That sounds like the spy Hague Simon, him whom they call the Butcher, and his wife, Black Meg," said Dirk. "Adrian, you must have seen these people, was it they?"

For a moment Adrian considered whether he should tell the truth; then, for certain reasons of his own, decided that he would not. Black Meg, it may be explained, in the intervals of graver business was not averse to serving as an emissary of Venus. In short, she arranged assignations, and Adrian was fond of assignations. Hence his reticence.

"How should I know?" he answered, after a pause; "the place was gloomy, and I have only set eyes upon Hague Simon and his wife about twice in my life."

"Softly, brother," said Foy, "and stick to the truth, however gloomy the wood may have been. You know Black Meg pretty well at any rate, for I have often seen you—" and he stopped suddenly, as though sorry that the words had slipped from his tongue.

"Adrian, is this so?" asked Dirk in the silence which followed.

"No, stepfather," answered Adrian.

"You hear," said Dirk addressing Foy. "In future, son, I trust that you will be more careful with your words. It is no charge to bring lightly against a man that he has been seen in the fellowship of one of the most infamous wretches in Leyden, a creature whose hands are stained red with the blood of innocent men and women, and who, as your mother knows, once brought me near to the scaffold."

Suddenly the laughing boyish look passed out of the face of Foy, and it grew stern.

"I am sorry for my words," he said, "for Black Meg does other things besides spying, and Adrian may have had business of his own with her which is no affair of mine. But, as they are spoken, I can't eat them, so you must decide which of us is—not truthful."

"Nay, Foy, nay," interposed Arentz, "do not put it thus. Doubtless there is some mistake, and have I not told you before that you are over-rash of tongue?"

"Yes, and a great many other things," answered Foy, "every one of them true, for I am a miserable sinner. Well, all right, there is a mistake, and it is," he added, with an air of radiant innocence that somehow was scarcely calculated to deceive, "that I was merely poking a stick into Adrian's temper. I never saw him talking to Black Meg. Now, are you satisfied?"

Then the storm broke, as Elsa, who had been watching the face of Adrian while he listened to Foy's artless but somewhat fatuous explanation, saw that it must break.

"There is a conspiracy against me," said Adrian, who had grown white with rage; "yes, everything has conspired against me to-day. First the ragamuffins in the street make a mock of me, and then my hawk is killed. Next it chances that I rescue this lady and her companions from robbers in the wood. But, do I get any thanks for this? No; I come home to find that I am so much forgotten that no place is even laid for me at table; more, to be jeered at for the humble services that I have done. Lastly, I have the lie given to me, and without reproach, by my brother, who, were he not my brother, should answer for it at the sword's point."

"Oh! Adrian, Adrian," broke in Foy, "don't be a fool; stop before you say something you will be sorry for."

"That isn't all," went on Adrian, taking no heed. "Who do I find at this table? The worthy Herr Arentz, a minister of the New Religion. Well, I protest. I belong to the New Religion myself, having been brought up in that faith, but it must be well known that the presence of a pastor here in our house exposes everybody to the risk of death. If my stepfather and Foy choose to take that risk well and good, but I maintain that they have no right to lay its consequences upon my mother, whose eldest son I am, nor even upon myself."

Now Dirk rose and tapped Adrian on the shoulder. "Young man," he said coldly and with glittering eyes, "listen to me. The risks which I and my son Foy, and my wife, your mother, take, we take for conscience' sake. You have nothing to do with them; it is our affair. But since you have raised the question, if your faith is not strong enough to support you, I acknowledge that I have no right to run you into danger. Look you, Adrian, you are no son of mine; in you I have neither part nor lot, yet I have cared for you and supported you since you were born under very strange and unhappy circumstances. Yes, you have shared whatever I had to give with my own son, without preference or favour, and should have shared it even after my death. And now, if these are your opinions, I am tempted to say to you that the world is wide and that, instead of idling here upon my bounty, you would do well to win your own way through it as far from Leyden as may please you."

"You throw your benefits in my teeth, and reproach me with my birth," broke in Adrian, who by now was almost raving with passion, "as though it were a crime in me to have other blood running in my veins than that of Netherlander tradesfolk. Well, if so, it would seem that the crime was my mother's, and not mine, who—"

"Adrian! Adrian!" cried Foy, in warning, but the madman heeded not.

"Who," he went on, furiously, "was content to be the companion, for I understand that she was never really married to him, of some noble Spaniard before she became the wife of a Leyden artisan."

He ceased, and at this moment there broke from Lysbeth's lips a low wail of such bitter anguish that it chilled even his mad rage to silence.

"Shame on thee, my son," said the wail, "who art not ashamed to speak thus of the mother that bore thee."

"Ay," echoed Dirk, in the stillness that followed, "shame on thee. Once thou wast warned, but now I warn no more."

Then he stepped to the door, opened it, and called, "Martin, come hither."

Presently, still in that heavy silence, which was broken only by the quick breath of Adrian panting like some wild beast in a net, was heard the sound of heavy feet shuffling down the passage. Then Martin entered the room, and stood there gazing about him with his large blue eyes, that were like the eyes of a wondering child.

"Your pleasure, master," he said at length.

"Martin Roos," replied Dirk, waving back Arentz, who rose to speak, "take that young man, my stepson, the Heer Adrian, and lead him from my house—without violence if possible. My order is that henceforth you are not to suffer him to set foot within its threshold; see that it is not disobeyed. Go, Adrian; to-morrow your possessions shall be sent to you, and with them such money as shall suffice to start you in the world."

Without comment or any expression of surprise, the huge Martin shuffled forward towards Adrian, his hand outstretched as though to take him by the arm.

"What!" exclaimed Adrian as Martin advanced down the room, "you set your mastiff on me, do you? Then I will show you how a gentleman treats dogs," and suddenly, a naked dagger shining in his hand, he leapt straight at the Frisian's throat. So quick and fierce was the onslaught that only one issue to it seemed possible. Elsa gasped and closed her eyes, thinking when she opened them to see that knife plunged to the hilt in Martin's breast, and Foy sprang forward. Yet in that twinkling of an eye the danger was done with, for by some movement too quick to follow, Martin had dealt his assailant such a blow upon the arm that the poniard, jarred from his grasp, flew flashing across the room to fall in Lysbeth's lap. Another second and the iron grip had closed upon Adrian's shoulder, and although he was strong and struggled furiously, yet he could not loose the hold of that single hand.

"Please cease fighting, Mynheer Adrian, for it is quite useless," said Martin to his captive in a voice as calm as though nothing unusual had happened. Then he turned and walked with him towards the door.

On the threshold Martin stopped, and looking over his shoulder said, "Master, I think that the Heer is dead. Do you still wish me to put him into the street?"

They crowded round and stared. It was true. Adrian seemed to be dead; at least his face was like that of a corpse, while from the corner of his mouth blood trickled in a thin stream.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SUMMONS

"WRETCHED man!" said Lysbeth, wringing her hands, and with a shudder shaking the dagger from her lap as though it had been a serpent, "you have killed my son."

"Your pardon, mistress," replied Martin placidly; "but that is not so. The master ordered me to remove the Heer Adrian, whereon the Heer Adrian, very naturally, tried to stab me. But I, having been accustomed to such things in my youth," and he looked deprecatingly towards the Pastor Arentz, "struck the Heer Adrian upon the bone of his elbow, causing the knife to jump from his hand, for had I not done so I should have been dead and unable to execute the commands of my master. Then I took the Heer Adrian by the shoulder, as gently as I might, and walked away with him, whereupon he died of rage, for which I am very sorry but not to blame."

"You are right, man," said Lysbeth. "It is you who are to blame, Dirk; yes, you have murdered my son. Oh! never mind what he said, his temper was always fierce, and who pays any heed to the talk of a man in a mad passion?"

"Why did you let your brother be thus treated, cousin Foy?" broke in Elsa, quivering with indignation. "It was cowardly of you to stand still and see that great red creature crush the life out of him when you know well that it was because of your taunts that he lost his temper and said things that he did not mean, as I do myself sometimes. No, I will never speak to you again—and only this afternoon he saved me from the robbers," and she burst into weeping.

"Peace, peace. This is no time for angry words," said the Pastor Arentz, pushing his way through the group of bewildered men and overwrought women. "He can scarcely be dead. Let me look at him; I am something of a doctor," and he knelt by the senseless and bleeding Adrian to examine him.

"Take comfort, Vrouw van Goorl," he said presently, "your son is not dead, for his heart beats, nor has friend Martin injured him in any way by the exercise of his strength, but I think that in his fury he has burst a blood-vessel, for he bleeds fast. My counsel is that he should be put to bed and his head cooled with cold water till the surgeon can be fetched to treat him. Lift him in your arms, Martin."

So Martin carried Adrian, not to the street, but to his bed, while Foy, glad of an excuse to escape the undesired reproaches of Elsa and the painful sight of his mother's grief, went to seek the physician. In due course he returned with him, and, to the great relief of all of them, the learned man announced that, notwithstanding the blood which he had lost, he did not think that Adrian

would die, though, at the best, he must keep his bed some weeks, have skilful nursing and be humoured in all things.

While his wife Lysbeth and Elsa were all attending to him, Dirk and his son Foy, for the Pastor Arentz had gone, were talking in the sitting-room, that same balconied chamber where once Dirk had been refused while Montalvo hid behind the door. Dirk was much disturbed, for when his wrath had passed, the tender-hearted man, and his stepson's plight distressed him greatly. Now he was justifying himself to Foy, or, rather, to his own conscience.

"A man who could speak so of his own mother was not to stop in the same house with her," he said; "moreover, his words about the pastor. I tell you, son, I am afraid of Adrian."

"Unless that bleeding from his mouth stops soon you will have cause to fear him much longer," replied Foy sadly. "You want my opinion about the business, father, why then I think that you have made too much of a small matter. Adrian; he is not one of us, and he should not be judged as we were. You cannot imagine me flying into a fury if the women forgot to set my place at table, or trying to burst and bursting a blood vessel because you told him to leave the room. No, I should know better, for what is the ordinary man trying to struggle against Martin? He is not to try to argue with the Inquisition. But then I am I, and Adrian is Adrian."

"But the words he used, son. Remember the words."

"Yes, and if I had spoken them they would have meant a great deal, but in Adrian's mouth I think no more of them than they came from some angry woman. Why he is always still taking offence, or flying into rages over something or other, when he is like that it all means—just nothing except that he wants to use fine talk and show off and play the Don over us. He does not really mean to lie to me when he said that I had not seen him talking to Black Meg, he only meant to contradict, or perhaps to hide something up. As a matter of fact, if you want to know the truth, I believe that the old witch took notes for him to use the young lady, and that Hague Simon supplied him with rats and hawks."

"Yes, Foy, that may be so, but how about his talk of the past? It makes me suspicious, son. You know the times we live in, and if he should go that way—remember it is in his blood—the devil is in every one of us are in his hand. The father tried to burn me once, and I do not wish the child to finish his work."

"Then when they come out of his hand, you are at liberty to cut off mine," answered Foy hotly. "I have been brought up with Adrian, and I know what he is; he is vain and pompous, and every time he looks at you and me he thanks God that he was not made like that. Also he has failings and vices, and he is lazy, being too fine a gentleman to work like a common Flemish burgher, and all the rest of it. But, father, he has a good heart, and if any man outside this house were to tell me that Adrian is capable of playing the traitor and bringing his own family to the scaffold, well, I would make him swallow his words, or try to, that is all. As regards what he said about my mother's first marriage"—and Foy hung his head—"of course it is a subject of which I have no right to talk; but, father, speaking as one man to another—he is sadly placed and innocent, whatever others may have been, and I don't wonder that he feels sore at all the stories."

As he spoke the door opened and Lysbeth entered.

"How goes it with Adrian, wife?" Dirk asked hastily.

"Better, husband, thank God, though the doctor stays with him for this night. He has lost much blood, and at the best must long abide; above all none must cross his mood or use him roughly, and she looked at her husband with meaning.

"Peace, wife," Dirk answered with irritation. "Foy has just read me one lecture upon my dealings with your son, and I am in no mood to listen to another. I served the man as he deserves, neither less nor more, and if he chose to go mad and commit suicide, why it is no fault of mine. You should have brought him to a soberer habit."

"Adrian is not as other men are, and ought not to be judged by the same rule," said Lysbeth, almost repeating Foy's words.

"So I have been told before, wife, though I, who have a standard of right and wrong, find the saying hard. But I doubtless the rule for Adrian is that which should be to measure angels—Spaniards—and not one suited to the Hollanders, who do our work, pay our debts, and don't draw on unarmed men!"

Have you read the letter from your cousin Brant?" Lysbeth, changing the subject.

"No," answered Dirk, "what with daggers, swoonings, scoldings it slipped my mind," and drawing the paper from his tunic he cut the silk and broke the seals. "I had forgotten went on, looking at the sheets of words interspersed with meaningless figures; "it is in our private cypher, as Elsa said, or most of it is. Get the key from my desk, son, and let us work, for our task is likely to be long."

Foy obeyed, returning presently with an old Testament of scarce edition. With the help of this book and an added vocabulary by slow degrees they deciphered the long epistle. Foy went down sentence by sentence as they learned their significance. When at length the task was finished, which was not till well midnight, Dirk read the translation aloud to Lysbeth and his

"Well-beloved cousin and old friend, you will be astonished to see my dear child Elsa, who brings you this paper sewn in a saddle, where I trust none will seek it, and wonder why she should do you without warning. I will tell you."

"You know that here the axe and the stake are very busy. The Hague the Devil walks loose; yes, he is the master in the land. Well, although the blow has not yet fallen on me, since for I have bought off the informers, hour by hour the sword hangs over my head, nor can I escape it in the end. That I am sure the New Faith is not my real crime. You can guess it. I desire my wealth. Now I have sworn that no Spaniard shall have this, no, not if I must sink it in the sea to save it from their hands. It has been heaped up to another end. Yet they desire it, and spies are about my path and about my bed. Worst of all, and at the head of them, is a certain Ramiro, a one-eyed man, but lately come from Spain, it is said as an agent of the Inqui-

whose manners are those of a person who was once a gentleman, and who seems to know this country well. This fellow has approached me, offering if I will give him three parts of my wealth to secure my escape with the rest, and I have told him that I will consider the offer. For this reason only I have a little respite, since he desires that my money should go into his pocket and not into that of the Government. But, by the help of God, neither of them shall touch it.

"See you, Dirk, the treasure is not here in the house as they think. It is hidden, but in a spot where it cannot stay.

"Therefore, if you love me, and hold that I have been a good friend to you, send your son Foy with one other strong and trusted man—your Frisian servant, Martin, if possible—on the morrow after you receive this. When night falls he should have been in The Hague some hours, and have refreshed himself, but let him not come near me or my house. Half an hour after sunset let him, followed by his serving man, walk up and down the right side of the Broad Street in The Hague, as though seeking adventures, till a girl, also followed by a servant, pushes up against him as if on purpose, and whispers in his ear, 'Are you from Leyden, sweetheart?' When he must say 'Yes,' and accompany her till he comes to a place where he will learn what must be done and how to do it. Above all, he must follow no woman who may accost him and who does not repeat these words. The girl who addresses him will be short, dark, pretty, and gaily dressed, with a red bow upon her left shoulder. But let him not be misled by look or dress unless she speaks the words.

"If he reaches England or Leyden safely with the stuff let him hide it for the present, friend, till your heart tells you it is needed. I care not where, nor do I wish to know, for if I knew, flesh and blood is weak, and I might give up the secret when they stretch me on the rack.

"Already you have my will sent to you three months ago, and enclosed in it a list of goods. Open it now and you will find that under it my possessions pass to you and your heirs absolutely as my executors for such especial trusts and purposes as are set out therein. Elsa has been ailing, and it is known that the leech has ordered her a change. Therefore her journey to Leyden will excite no wonder, neither, or so I hope, will even Ramiro guess that I should enclose a letter such as this in so frail a casket. Still, there is danger, for spies are many, but having no choice and my need being urgent I must take the risks. If the paper is seized they cannot read it, for they will never make out the cypher, since, even did they know of them, no copies of our books can be found in Holland. Moreover, were this writing all plain Dutch or Spanish, it tells nothing of the whereabouts of the treasure, of its destination, or of the purpose to which it is dedicated. Lastly, should any Spaniard chance to find that wealth, it will vanish, and, mayhap, he with it."

"What can he mean by that?" interrupted Foy.

"I know not," answered Dirk. "My cousin Brant is not a person who speaks at random, so perhaps we have misinterpreted the passage." Then he went on reading:

"Now I have done with the pelf, which must take its chance. Only, I pray you—I trust it to your honour and to your love of an old friend to bury it, burn it, cast it to the four winds of heaven before you suffer a Spaniard to touch a gem or a piece of gold.

"I send to you to-day Elsa, my only child. You will know my reason. She will be safer with you in Leyden than here at The Hague, since if they take me they might take her also. The priests and their tools do not spare the young, especially if their rights stand between them and money. Also she knows little of my desperate strait; she is ignorant even of the contents of this letter, and I do not wish that she should share these troubles. I am a doomed man, and she loves me, poor child. One day she will hear that it is over, and that will be sad for her, but it would be worse if she knew all from the beginning. When I bid her good-bye to-morrow, it will be for the last time—God give me strength to bear the blow.

"You are her guardian, as you deal with her—nay, I must be crazy with my troubles, for none other would think it needful to remind Dirk van Goorl of his son of their duty to the dead. Farewell, friend and cousin. God guard you and yours in these dreadful times with which it has pleased Him to visit us for a season, that through us perhaps this country and the whole world may be redeemed from priestcraft and tyranny. Greet your honoured wife, Lysbeth, from me; also your son, Foy, who used to be a merry lad, and whom I hope to see again within a night or two, although it may be fated that we shall not meet. My blessing on him, especially if he prove faithful in all these things. May the Almighty who guards us give us a happy meeting in the hereafter which is at hand. Pray for me. Farewell, farewell.—HENDRIK BRANT.

"P.S.—I beg the dame Lysbeth to see that Elsa wears woollen when the weather turns damp or cold, since her chest is somewhat delicate. This was my wife's last charge, and I pass it on to you. As regards her marriage, should she live, I leave that to your judgment, with this command only, that her inclination shall not be forced, beyond what is right and proper. When I am dead, kiss her from me, and tell her that I loved her beyond any creature now living on the earth, and that wherever I am from day to day I wait to welcome her, as I shall wait to welcome you and yours, Dirk van Goorl. In case these presents miscarry, I will send duplicates of them, also in cypher, whenever chance may offer."

Having finished reading the translation of the cypher document, Dirk bent his head while he folded it, not wishing that his face should be seen. Foy also turned aside to hide the tears which gathered in his eyes, while Lysbeth wept openly.

"A sad letter and sad times," said Dirk at length.

"Poor Elsa," muttered Foy, then added, with a return of hopefulness. "Perhaps he is mistaken; he may escape after all."

Lysbeth shook her head as she answered:

"Hendrik Brant is not the man to write like that if there was any hope for him, nor would he part with his daughter unless he knew that the end must be near at hand."

"Why, then, does he not fly?" asked Foy.

"Because the moment he stirred the Inquisition would pounce upon him, as a cat pounces upon a mouse that tries to run from its corner," replied his father. "While the mouse sits still the cat sits also and purrs; when it moves—"

There was a silence in which Dirk, having fetched the will of

Hendrik Brant from a safe hiding place, where it had lain since it reached his hands some months before, opened the seals and read it aloud.

It proved to be a very short document, under the terms of which Dirk van Goorl and his heirs inherited all the property, real and personal, of Hendrik Brant, upon trust (1), to make such ample provision for his daughter Elsa as might be needful or expedient; (2) to apply the remainder of the money "for the defence of our country, the freedom of religious Faith, and the destruction of the Spaniards in such fashion and at such time or times as God should reveal to them, which," added the will, "assuredly He will do."

Enclosed in this document was an inventory of the property that constituted the treasure. At the head came an almost endless list of jewels, all of them carefully scheduled. These were the first three items:—

"Item: The necklace of great pearls that I exchanged with the Emperor Charles when he took a love for sapphires, enclosed in a watertight copper box.

"Item: A coronet and stomacher of rubies mounted in my own gold work, the best that ever I did, which three Queens have coveted, and none was rich enough to buy.

"Item: The great emerald that my father left me, the biggest known, having magic signs of the ancients engraved upon the back of it, and enclosed in a chased case of gold."

Then came other long lists of precious stones, too numerous to mention, but of less individual value, and after them this entry:

"Item: Four casks filled with gold coin (I know not the exact weight or number)."

At the bottom of this schedule was written, "A very great treasure, the greatest in all the Netherlands, a fruit of three generations of honest trading and saving, converted by me for the most into jewels that it may be easier to move. This is the prayer of me Hendrik Brant, who owns it for his life; that this gold may prove the earthly doom of any Spaniard who tries to steal it, and as I write it comes into my mind that God will grant this my petition. Amen. Amen. Amen. So say I, Hendrik Brant, who stand at the Gate of Death."

All of this inventory Dirk read aloud, and when he had finished Lysbeth gasped with amazement.

"Surely," she said, "this little cousin of ours is richer than many Princes. Yes, with such a dowry Princes would be glad to take her in marriage."

"The fortune is large enough," answered Dirk. "But, oh! what a burden has Hendrik Brant laid upon our backs, for under this will the wealth is left, not straight to the lawful heiress, Elsa, but to me and to my heirs on the trusts stated, and heavy trusts they are. Look you, wife, the Spaniards know of this vast hoard, and the priests know of it, and no stone in earth or hell will they leave unturned to win that money. I say that, for his own sake, my cousin Hendrik would have done better to accept the offer of the Spanish thief Ramiro and give him three-fourths and escape to England with the rest. But that is not his nature, who was ever stubborn, and who would die ten times over rather than enrich the men he hates. Moreover, he, who is no miser, has saved this fortune that the bulk of it may be spent for his country in the hour of her need, and, alas! of that need we are made the judges since he is called away. Wife, I foresee that these gems and gold will breed bloodshed and misery to all our house. But the trust is laid upon us and it must be borne. Foy, to-morrow at dawn you and Martin will start for The Hague to carry out the command of your cousin Brant."

"Why should my son's life be risked on this mad errand?" asked Lysbeth.

"Because it is a duty, mother," answered Foy cheerfully, although he tried to look depressed. He was young and enterprising; moreover the adventure promised to be full of novelty.

In spite of himself Dirk smiled and bade him summon Martin.

A minute later Foy was in the great man's den and kicking at his prostrate form. "Wake up, you snoring bull," he said, "awake."

Martin sat up, his red head showing like a fire in the shine of the taper. "What is it now, Master Foy?" he asked, yawning. "Are they after us about those two dead soldiers?"

"No, you sleepy lump; it's treasure."

"I don't care about treasure," replied Martin, indifferently.

"It's Spaniards."

"That sounds better," said Martin, shutting his mouth. "Tell me about it, Master Foy, while I pull on my jerkin."

So Foy told him as much as he could in two minutes.

"Yes, it sounds well," said Martin, critically. "If I know anything of those Spaniards, we shan't get back to Leyden without something happening. But I don't like that bit about the women; as likely as not they will spoil everything."

Then he accompanied Foy to the upper room, and there received his instructions from Dirk with a solemn and unmoved countenance.

"Are you listening?" said Dirk, sharply. "Do you understand?"

"I think so, master," answered Martin. "Hear," and he repeated sentence by sentence every word that had fallen from Dirk's lips, for when he chose to use it Martin's memory was good.

"One or two questions, master," he said; "this stuff must be brought through at all hazards?"

"At all hazards," answered Dirk.

"And if we cannot bring it through, it must be hidden in the best way possible?"

"Yes."

"And if people should try to interfere with us, I understand that we must fight?"

"Of course."

"And if in the fighting we chance to kill anybody I shall not be reproached and called a murderer by the pastor or others?"

"I think not," replied Dirk.

"And if anything should happen to my young master here, his blood will not be laid upon my head?"

Lysbeth groaned. Then she stood up and spoke.

"Martin, why do you ask such foolish questions? Your peril my son must share, and if harms should come to him, as may chance, we shall know well that it is no fault of yours. You are not a coward or a traitor, Martin."

"Well, I think not, mistress, at least not often; but you see here are two duties: the first, to get this money through, the second to protect the Heer Foy. I wish to know which of these is the most important."

It was Dirk who answered.

"You go to carry out the wishes of my cousin Brant; they must be attended to before anything else."

"Very good," replied Martin; "you quite understand, Heer Foy."

"Oh! perfectly," replied that young man, grinning.

"Then go to bed for an hour or two, as you may have to keep awake to-morrow night; I will call you at dawn. Your servant, master and mistress, I hope to report myself to you within sixty hours, but if I do not come within eighty, or let us say a hundred, it may be well to make inquiries," and he shuffled back to his den.

Youth sleeps well whatever may be behind or before it, and it was not until Martin had called to him thrice next morning that Foy opened his eyes in the gray light, and, remembering, sprang from his bed.

"There's no hurry," said Martin, "but it will be as well to get out of Leyden before many people are about."

As he spoke Lysbeth entered the room fully dressed, for she had not slept that night, and carrying in her hand a little leathern bag.

"How is Adrian, mother?" asked Foy, as she stooped down to kiss him.

"He sleeps, and the doctor, who is still with him, says that he does well," she answered. "But see here, Foy, you are about to start upon your first adventure, and this is my present to you—this and my blessing." Then she untied the neck of the bag and poured from it something that lay upon the table in a shining heap no larger than Martin's fist. Foy took hold of it and held it up, whereon the little heap stretched itself out marvellously, till it was as large indeed as the body garment of a man.

"Steel shirt," exclaimed Martin, nodding his head in approval, and adding, "Good wear for those who mix with Spaniards."

"Yes," said Lysbeth. "My father brought this from the East on one of his voyages. I remember he told me that he paid for it its weight in gold and silver, and that even then it was sold to him only by the special favour of the king of that country. The shirt, they said, was ancient, and of such work as cannot now be made. It had been worn from father to son in one family for three hundred years, but no man that wore it ever died by body-cut or thrust, since sword or dagger cannot pierce that steel. At least, son, this is the story, and, strangely enough, when I lost all the rest of my heritage—" and she sighed, "this shirt was left to me, for it lay in its bag in the old oak chest, and none noticed it or thought it worth the taking. So make the most of it, Foy; it is all that remains of your grandfather's fortune, since this house is now your father's."

Beyond kissing his mother in thanks, Foy made no other answer; he was too much engaged in examining the wonders of the shirt, which as a worker in metals he could well appreciate. But Martin said again:

"Better than money, much better than money. God knew that and made them leave the shirt."

"I never saw the like of it," broke in Foy. "Look, it runs together like quicksilver, and is light as leather. See, too, it has stood sword and dagger stroke before to-day," and holding it in a sunbeam they perceived in many directions faint lines and spots upon the links caused in past years by the cutting edge of swords and the points of daggers. Yet never a one of those links was severed or broken.

"I pray that it may stand them again if your body be inside of it," said Lysbeth. "Yet, son, remember always that there is One who can guard you better than any human mail however perfect," and she left the room.

Then Foy drew on the coat over his woollen jersey, and it fitted him well, though not so well as in after years, when he had grown thicker. Indeed, when his linen shirt and his doublet were over it none could have guessed that he was clothed in armour of proof.

"It isn't fair, Martin," he said, "that I should be wrapped in steel and you in nothing."

Martin smiled. "Do you take me for a fool, master," he said, "who have seen some fighting in my day, private and public? Look here," and, opening his leathern jerkin, he showed that he was clothed beneath in a strange garment of thick but supple hide.

"Bullskin," said Martin, "tanned as we know how up in Friesland. Not so good as yours, but will turn most cuts or arrows. I sat up last night making one for you, it was almost finished before, but the steel is cooler and better for those who can afford it. Come, let us go and eat; we should be at the gates at eight when they open."

(To be continued)

## "Rise of the Russian Empire."

In his "Rise of the Russian Empire" (Richards), Mr. Hector Munro has successfully accomplished a most difficult undertaking. Much has been written, particularly of late years, of the reigns of Peter the Great and his successors, but the early history of Russia—a nation with which we are every day coming into closer contact—is almost a blank to the English reader. The birth of that nation is wrapt in mystery, and the story of its rise is more or less conjectural. Even of the Slavs themselves it is not exactly known whence they came, nor at what period "their wanderings brought them into their historic home lands." What is known is that for some reason, probably because they could not govern themselves, they invited three Scandinavians, or as the author has it, three Russian Varangian brothers, Rurik, Sisseus, and Truvor to come and restore order in the land. The date of this immigration is placed at 862, and is fixed as the starting point of the Russian State. From that point Mr. Munro traces the growth of the Empire down to the beginning of the sixteenth century. No history could be more complicated, more romantic, than that of Russia. Such a wealth of matter does this book contain that it would be impossible in our limited space to give anything like an adequate idea either of its worth or of the immense amount of research it has entailed. A work on this subject has long been wanted, and Mr. Munro's admirable book should be welcomed by students of history. We might also suggest that writers of fiction will find a veritable gold mine of new dramatic and romantic plots and situations in the history of the reigns of that most bloodthirsty of tyrants, Ivan the Terrible, and the impostor Dimitri the False, the "Phantom Czar."

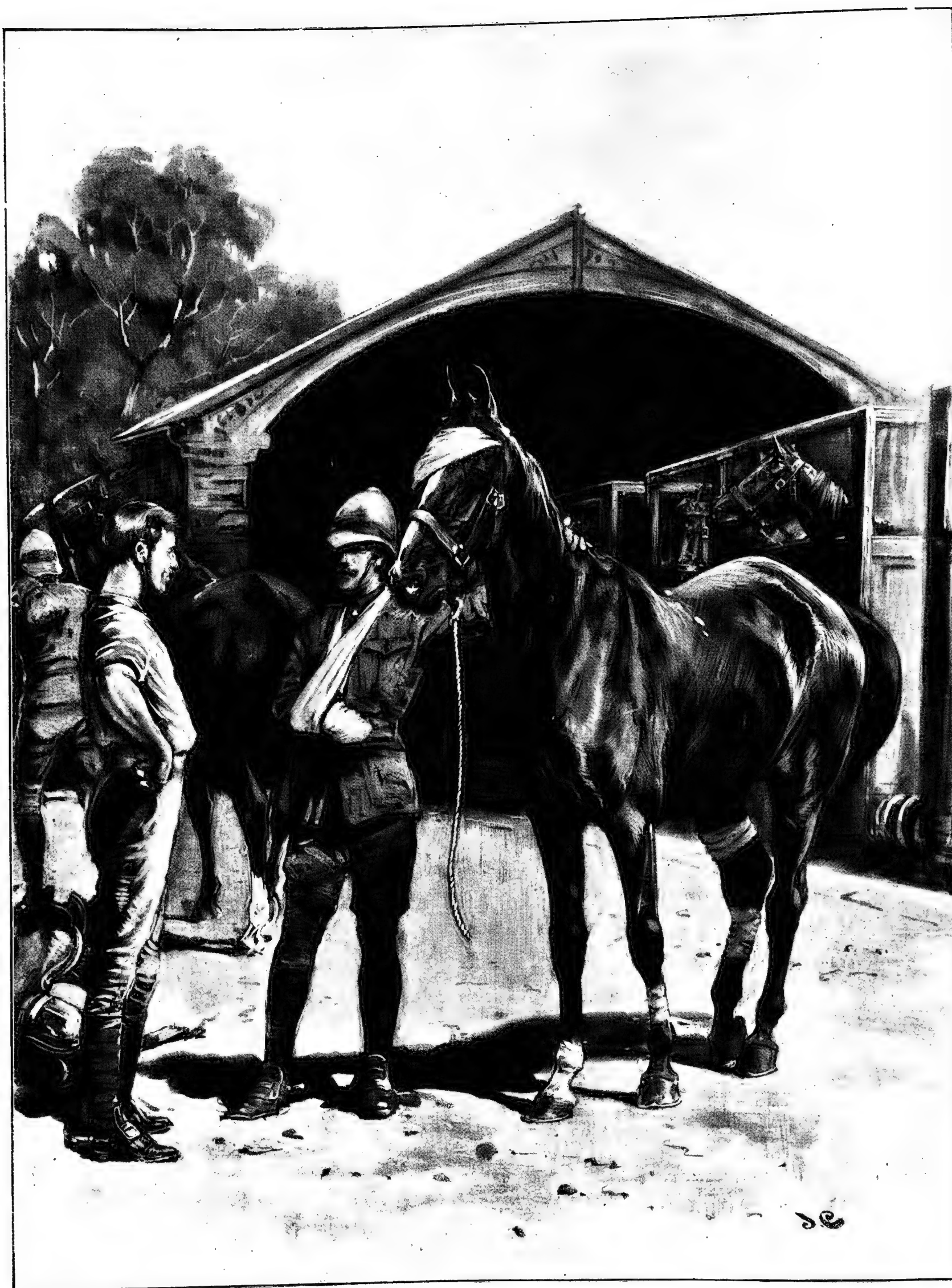




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## THE VALE OF REST

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE LATE SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A., IN THE TATE GALLERY



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

A Correspondent at Pietermaritzburg writes:—"Some of the artillery horses which arrived here lately had been wounded. One of them had been hit seven times, but his driver, who, by the way, was also

suffering from wounds, said that the animal had nobly stood its ground and had been perfectly obedient to the rein all though the fighting in spite of his seven wounds"

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

WOUNDED COMRADES: A SCENE AT PIETERMARITZBURG



## The Public Record Office

ITS HISTORICAL TREASURES AND ITS SOCIAL LIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. W. BREWER

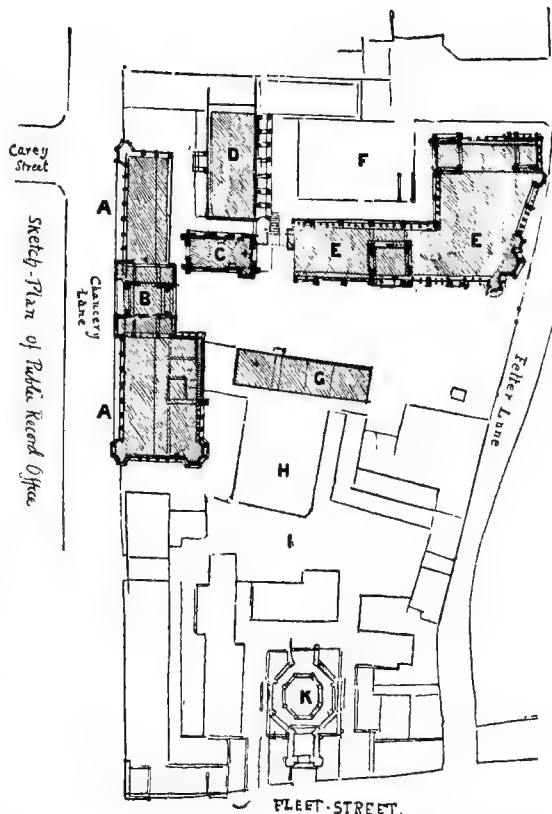
FAMILIAR to all Londoners for a generation and more, the stately Late-Gothic building of Sir James Pennethorne, between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane, has of recent years received a remarkable addition. The Public Record Office, formerly hidden between the two streets (if, indeed, so large a building can be said to be hidden), has now asserted itself in a fine new façade fronting on Chancery Lane. It took many and many a year to induce Parliament to build any sort of repository at all for the national records. "The disgraceful disorder in which they were kept," says Mr. Thornbury, "had long been a subject of regret among English antiquaries. There was no certainty of finding any required document among such a mass of ill-stored, dusty, unclassified bundles and rolls, many of them never opened since the day King John sullenly signed Magna Charta." Then, after several centuries spent in thinking that something ought to be done, Parliament decided, in 1850, that something should be done, and in 1851 the first stone was laid of Sir James Pennethorne's building. "The number of records," adds Mr. Thornbury, "stored within this building can only be reckoned by *hundreds of millions*. There, in cramped bundles and rolls, dusty as papyri, lie charters and official notices that once made mailed knights tremble and proud priests shake in their sandals. Now—the magic gone, the words powerless—they lie in their several bins in strange companionship."

### LIGHT AT LAST

But the Record Office has happily participated, and continues to participate, in the general movement all over the civilized world in favour of sweetness and light. The House of Commons voted a further sum of £8,500, for the financial year 1895-6, towards the erection of the new block, the total cost of which was some £80,000. The building is known as the "third instalment of the General Repository of Records." It was designed by Mr. John Taylor, C.B., of the Office of Works and Public Buildings, on the site occupied by twelve old houses in Chancery Lane, and resembles in character the earlier building of Sir James Pennethorne, but the material is better and more durable. The whole building is fire-proof and lighted by electricity; various documents (scores of thousands in number) are stored in the northern half in steel presses on slate shelves, and in the southern part are the rooms of the deputy-keeper, the secretary, and other members of the staff, who were formerly located in the Rolls House. On the first floor is the museum, little visited as yet, strange to say, save by foreigners (especially Americans), but containing documents of world-wide interest.

### THE RECORDS

of the contents of these buildings, which, before many years have passed, will be the greatest and grandest repository of National Archives in the world, Mr. S. R. Scargill-Bird, F.S.A., who has spent almost his entire life among them, says:—"The Public Records of this country have been said to excel all others in age, beauty, correctness, and authority. For a period of well nigh 800 years they contain, in an almost unbroken chain of evidence, not only the political and constitutional history of the realm and the remotest particulars in regard to its financial and social progress,



- INDEX.—THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE
- |   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| A. New Building Fronting to Chancery Lane | F. Garden of the Rolls House |
| B. Gateway from Chancery Lane             | G. Offices                   |
| C. The Ancient Rolls Chapel               | H. Garden of Clifford's Inn  |
| D. The Rolls House                        | I. Clifford's Inn            |
| E. Public Record Office                   | K. St. Dunstan's Church      |

### STREET PLAN SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE OFFICE

but also the history of the land and of its successive owners from generation to generation, and of the legal procedure of the country from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Although many of them were buffeted about in civil wars and dissensions, and others hidden away for years in noisome cellars to be the refuge and food of vermin, they have yet survived to form a magnificent monument of the past, mutilated here and there, it is true, by the ravages of time and neglect, but still speaking in authoritative voice to the centuries to come of struggles for civil and political liberty, and of the social and domestic condition of the English race from its earliest infancy to the present time."

### THE SEARCHERS

Here, among these priceless historical treasures, a small but earnest, enthusiastic band of workers spend their days. Month after

month, year after year, the search-rooms of the Record Office are occupied by searchers, professional and private. "Few of those," says Mr. Walter Rye, in a book on the subject of the Records, "who frequent the Search Rooms at the Record Office have any idea of the inconveniences which attached to those who, like myself, used to search twenty-five years ago in a long, unpleasant room with low tables and high backless forms, which cramped the searcher's legs if he were anything above a dwarf in stature. Nowadays it would be difficult to find a place where study and search can be carried on more easily and pleasantly than at the Public Record Office, and certainly at no place are the officials from the highest to the lowest more courteous or more willing to help. The beginner, stumbling along and only half conscious as to what he is looking for, is as well treated and listened to as patiently as the *habitué*; and, with the single exception of lunatics who want information about unclaimed millions in Chancery, all searchers, however different their objects, are made welcome."

### DICKENS-LAND

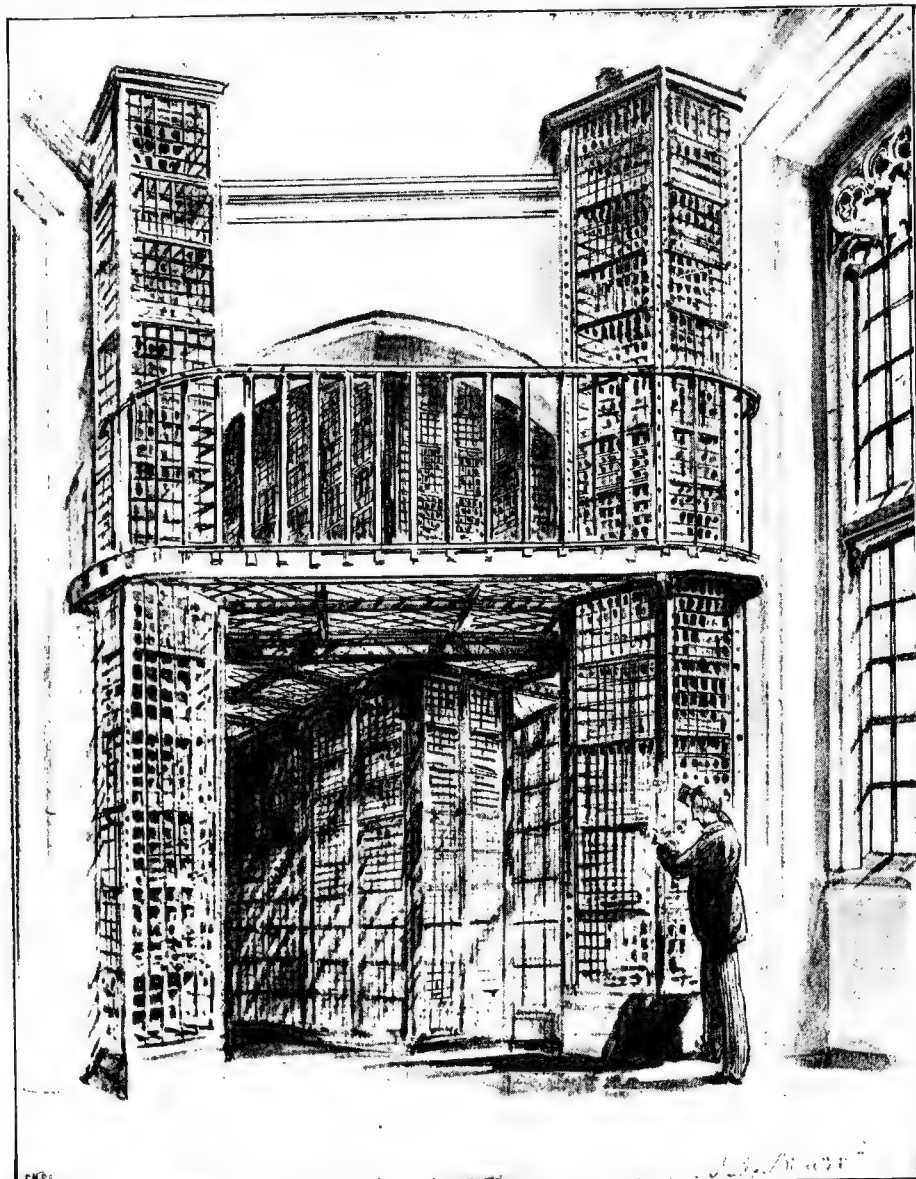
"In Chancery!" How the very phrase reminds us of poor little mad Miss Flite in "Bleak House"! And what is it that the Record searchers seek? Who are they? It would take months of study in the search-rooms—study not of the documents but of those who consult them—to answer the question; and none but a Dickens could answer it adequately. The search-rooms of the Record Office is Dickens Land; his types are there still. The pedigree hunter; the man with a grievance; the archaeologist; the copyist; the law-writer; the military man, whose time hangs heavy on his hands since the age-limit put him on the shelf—a human document himself, useless now and filed away; the clergyman; the man weary of modern hubbub, who loves quiet and the company of the voices of the dead; the modern historian—keen, intelligent, cultivated; the man with a bee in his bonnet—all are there; aye, and poor little mad Miss Flite herself for all we know! The Record Office and Chancery Lane still have their tragedies unknown and unwritten. The only *habitué* who does not belong to the Dickens period is the professional (and sometimes distinctly prepossessing) lady searcher. She is there, as Record agent, as Transcriber, as Indexer; she has invaded the Record Office, as she has invaded the British Museum Reading Room, the newspaper office, and many other institutions where of yore only mere men were to be found.

### HISTORICAL TREASURES

It is hardly possible to give an idea of the treasures stored in the Record Office. Although the work of sorting and arranging the vast masses of documents has gone on continuously for years not even the experts in the office know—they cannot know—the full extent of the mine of literary and historic wealth in which they live, and into which they are for ever probing and delving. The principal documents, however, have probably all been discovered. Historians and antiquarians know, and have long known, that filed away among the parchments are such documents as the Charter granted to London by William the Conqueror, the Domesday Book, the enrolment of the writs of summons of the First House of Commons, the letter of Henry Prince of Wales (Shakespeare's "Hal") to his father King Henry IV. about the latter's approaching marriage with Princess Joan of Navarre, the letter from King Richard III. to his Lord Chancellor, vowing the destruction of the Duke of Buckingham and many others.

### THE CHARTER OF THE CITY OF LONDON

Take, for instance, as one of the most interesting documents in English history, the Charter of the City of London, a little slip of



THE DEPONT SAFES



THE FRONTAGE IN CHANCERY LANE

parchment with five lines of Saxon thus translated into modern English :—

William, King, greets William, Bishop, and Geoffrey Portreeves and all the Burghers within London, French and English friendly. And I make known unto you that I will that ye be worthy all those laws the which ye were in King Edward's day, and I will that each child be his father's heir after his father's day, and I will not suffer that any man do you any wrong. God give you health.

What a *multum-in-parvo* document it is, this little strip of Saxon lettering with its "I will" and "I will not" !

#### VOICES FROM THE TOMB

Passing over many other Royal charters and State documents by virtue of which cities and castles, fleets and armies, monasteries and lands were built or held, we can find in the Record Office many papers and parchments which unlock the secrets of the heart ; love and hate, friendship and enmity, joy and suffering, courage and cowardice—all are there, set down in black and white, the "written letter" which remains long after the hearts which conceived and the hands which wrote have fallen to dust and ashes. They are like voices from the tomb, these quaint slips and rolls which can be instantly produced from some dim and hidden receptacle in the vaults and corridors for our nineteenth century eyes to gaze upon and our nineteenth century minds to be amused at.

#### LETTERS FROM THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES

Here, for instance, is the first Prince of Wales writing to his "dear friend" Sir Hugh le Despenser :—

We thank you heartily for the grapes which you sent us by your varlet, who arrived betimes this Sunday morning very early before we went to breakfast, and who could not have done so at a more fitting season. And do not take it amiss that we send you so lean a deer, for we will send you a fatter as soon as we can take one. Our Lord have you in His keeping

In another letter to Adam the Poeter, of Reading, he commands that "four tuns of good wine" shall be lodged in the Abbey of Reading against the arrival of his servants at the tournament about to be held there." In another he entreats his "dearest Lady and Mother," the Queen, thanking her beforehand for what she had already done, to "labour still in our behalf, and entreat our dear Lord and Father to grant us two attendants in addition to those we have—namely, Gilbert de Clare and Perot de Gavaston"—Piers Gaveston—fatal name ! Prince Edward was twenty when he wrote this, and the letter may be the earliest mention of that unhappy intimacy which dishonoured his reign and brought "Perot" to a bloody end.

#### A KING'S REVENGE

Edward (I.) by the Grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, was extremely angry, in the year 1306, with two gentlemen named Sir Michael de Wymes and Sir Gilbert de la Haye. He writes thus to his dear cousin, Eymar de Valence, commanding the Royal forces in Scotland :—

Forasmuch as we have found in Sir Michael de Wymes neither good work nor good service, we hold him as our traitor and enemy. We command you that ye cause his manor, where we lay, and all his other manors to be burnt, his lands and goods destroyed, and his gardens thoroughly stripped, so that nothing remains of them, in order that all other such persons may take warning by him,

And as for Sir Gilbert de la Haye, his manors and goods and gardens were to be treated in the same way, "even worse—if worse be possible—unto him than as aforesaid unto Sir Michael." Eymar is to do the work "so vigorously and openly that we may know your good will therein."

#### "HOMOUT ICH DENE"

Two documents, beautifully written in Norman French, but stained by damp and neglect, bring before us the mirror of chivalry, Edward the Black Prince. In one of them, dated 1357, he binds himself to pay to six gentlemen of France, who "had and held as their prisoner in this Battle of Poitiers, Sir James de Bourbon, Count of Ponthieu, the sum of 25,000 old golden crowns." The money was paid (in instalments), and the payments are endorsed on the back. Another document of the highest interest is the grant of a pension by writ of Privy Seal by the Black Prince :—

In consideration of the good service which our beloved and faithful John de Esquet has done and will for the future do for us we have given and granted him 50 marks sterling by the year during his life to take at our Exchequer of Chester by the hands of our Chamberlain there who shall be for the time being, he doing loyal homage to us as we have received from him on this side of the sea.

The writ is signed, not with his name, but with his mottoes—those famous mottoes which are engraved upon his tomb at Canterbury in accordance with the directions of his last will. They are thus written beneath the text :—

"DE PAR { HOMOUT  
ICH DENE :"

The writ is dated from Angouleme, April 25, 1371. Although no other such signature of the Black Prince's is known by which this one could be tested, there is but little doubt that he wrote the words with his own hand, the writing being quite different to that in the body of the document. "Homout," it is presumed, is old German for "Hoch muth," "High courage," and the "Ich dene" is the "Ich dien" ("I serve"), which is still the motto of the Black Prince's successors.

#### "THE MOST UNTREWE CREATURE LYVYNG"

Skiping a hundred years we come to another of the most remarkable documents of this wonderful collection. It is a "letter, missive" from Richard III. to the Lord Chancellor, dated from Lincoln, October 12th, 1483, and asking that the Great Seal be at once sent to him there as he intended "briefly to avance towards the rebelle and traytour, the Duc of Bukyngham, to resist and withstonde his maliciouse purpose." The eleven lines of the letter, so far, are in the hand of a secretary, but Richard has added in his own hand the following postscript :—

We wolde most gladly ye camme yourselfe yf that ye may, and yf ye may not. We pray you not to fayle but to accomplyshe in all dyligence Oure sayde comawndement to sende Oure Seale incontenten apone the syght heroffe, as We trust you with such as ye trust, and the officers pertenyn to attend with hyt, praying you to assertyne Us of your newes there. Here, loved be God, ys alle welles and trewly determyned and for to resyste the malysse of hyme that hadde best cause to be trewe, the Duc of Bokynghame, the most untrewe creature lyvyn, whome with Godes Grace We shalle not be long tyll that We wyll be in that parties and subdewe his malys. We assure you there was never falsse traytor better purveyde for, as this bererre Gloucestre shalle shewe you.

There is a piece of character study ! How the sight of these words brings to mind, "in his habit as he lived," the Richard of history. The "we assure you" of the last sentence seems to be almost apologetic for what he was going to do, and so to point to the precarious tenure of his crown.

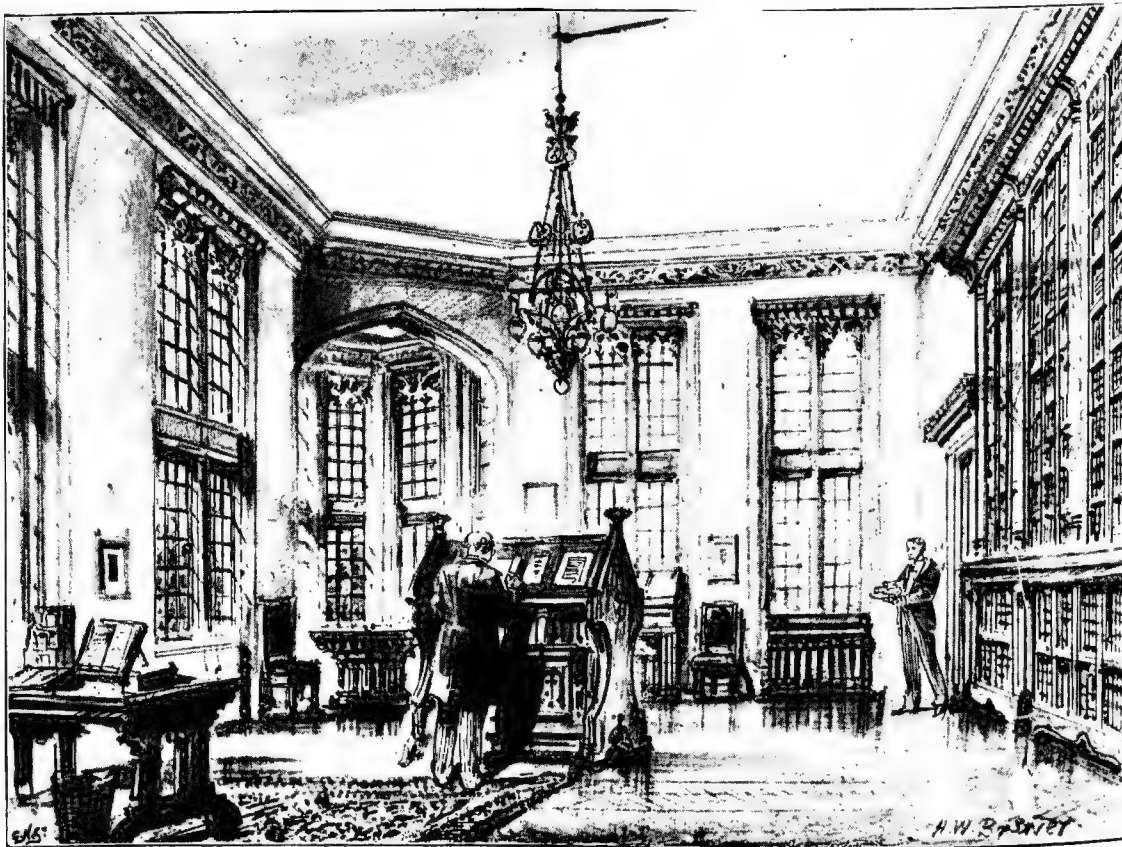
Such are a few—a mere drop in an ocean—of the interesting documents in our national treasure house of literature. Of the artistic treasures, the seals ; the gold bulla of the Pope attached to the Treaty of the Field of Cloth of Gold ; the stamped and embossed bindings ; the beautiful miniature paintings and portraits on some of the deeds there is not space to speak. And, in any case, they are things as difficult to describe as they are easy to see. And they may be seen by anyone who will give himself the trouble to sign his name in a book and walk up a broad flight of stairs.



THE ANCIENT CHAPEL AND THE NEW GATEWAY



THE MUSEUM



THE DEPUTY KEEPER'S ROOM



# An Artistic Cause

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE movement to purchase a hall at Pittlessie as a memorial to Sir David Wilkie—funds not being sufficient for the erection of a statue—seems to have stirred in a measure the national conscience, so that Wilkie undertakings are heard of on various sides. We have just had the little biography by Mr. Edward Pennington (in the "Famous Scots" series), a capital supplement to that by Mr. Mollett. And we are about to have a large and important work by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, which will replace, it is to be supposed, the life by Allan Cunningham; material for such a memorial is hardly lacking. But as for the statue, there might well be a monument (not a mere "gentleman in bronze") raised to his memory; but as we do not vote public money for such a purpose as is done in France and Germany, we must be content with the memorials raised by the artist to himself in the National Galleries of London and Edinburgh and in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The progress which is being made in the decoration of the Royal Exchange with mural paintings renders it necessary to consider how far harmony is being kept between the pictures, in order that a unity of sentiment, if not of treatment, may be maintained. It is to be feared that this much-desired harmony has been altogether destroyed by some of the later painters. Lord Leighton painted and presented the first work, with the view—as he told me—of striking a note not discordant with the style of the building, adopting a decorative treatment in his presentation of history, and adding, as a device, the suspended wreath, by the repetition of which a sort of link might enchain the whole together. Artists have latterly rejected the circle, as it would interfere with the realism of their design, thus



It is notorious that many Boer women have accompanied their husbands to the front in South Africa. Our photograph, which is by Van Hoepen, shows a Boer and his wife who were brought to Pretoria as prisoners

THREE MONTHS ON COMMANDO

repudiating altogether the basis on which the series was begun.

The three new pictures (miscalled "frescoes" in the papers) now to be fixed to the walls are by Mr. E. Normand, Mrs. Normand, and Mr. Brangwyn. The last-named chooses "Modern Commerce" for his subject, which seems to be a departure from the original scheme, or at least a substitution. Nor was Mr. Abbey's "Award of Sir Robert Billesdon between the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies" provided for in the list drawn up by the Gresham Committee. It is, perhaps, too late for the advisory committee of artists to enforce respect for the original plan, but it may be hoped that they will prevent too great a diversity of treatment. The greatest opportunity of the reign in regard to mural decoration has been missed; it must not be made a failure.

"How," writes a correspondent, "are artists to know when their picture is finished, and how can they say how far finish is to be carried?" An artist may carry his finish as far as he pleases so long as in the result he does not tease the eye of the spectator, so long as he does not over-weight his subject with it, and so long as he does not allow the finish of a minor part or accessory to "tell" more than the principal point of interest. Rousseau said that what "finished" a picture was not the quantity or treatment of details as the harmonious keeping of the whole. And, in point of fact, it is better to find in a picture a faulty part which is unobtrusive than a detail so exquisitely painted and finished as to attract special attention.

Thanks to Mr. Boughton, R.A., a representative work by Allart van Everdingen, the brilliant Master of Ruysdael, now hangs in the National Gallery (Room X). Up to the present time no example of this painter has been in the national collection in Trafalgar Square, and but one is included at Hertford House. Thus by slow degrees are the gaps being filled up. But in one section there seems to



THE GUN'S CREW LYING DOWN WHILE THE PORT BATTERY IS IN ACTION  
GUN PRACTICE AT SEA: THE STARBOARD BATTERY ON A BATTLESHIP  
DRAWN BY D. B. WATERS



The trial of Prince Chigi, for selling a valuable Botticelli known as "The Virgin with the Thorns," in defiance of the law, which prohibits the sale of Italian art treasures out of the country, has been under consideration of the tribunal at Rome for some days. The Official Prosecutor has demanded that sentence be passed upon Prince Chigi of three months' imprisonment, with a fine of 250*l.* and that he shall reimburse the sum of 15,700*l.* said to have been paid for the work by an American purchaser.

A FAMOUS "BOTTICELLI" WHICH WAS NEARLY SMUGGLED OUT OF ITALY

promise no improvement—that of the great French school of the past generation. It must be remembered, however, that the National Gallery was avowedly founded with the object of forming a collection "mainly of the Italian school," and traditions hang to an institution.

A more important point is this—that good pictures of the French school command prices so enormous—so wholly out of proportion to the number of examples known to be in the market or in private hands—that it becomes the policy of the authorities to devote their available funds to the acquisition of such pictures as are likely to occur more and more rarely for sale, and which, when they do appear, are quickly and irrevocably absorbed into the permanent public collections of the world. They can afford to wait for the more recent painters, and are, doubtless, right in offering opportunities to such generous-minded owners as may wish to benefit the collection. A few years ago there was offered for sale a Troyon, which the National Gallery was advised to buy. But the price asked was 15,000*l.*—nearly as much as the great Vanduyck—although there are probably a dozen or a score of Troyons equally characteristic. The true policy for the present, therefore, is for the National Gallery to reserve its main efforts for the rarer masters, so long as it guards against the temptation of piling up examples of any particular painter.

In my last "Causerie" a slip of the pen led me to say that pictures painted *before* May 1, 1889, were eligible for exhibition at the Paris Exhibition. It should have been, of course, *subsequent* to the date mentioned.

## Do We Want Naval Volunteers?

By H. W. WILSON

It has always been a curious defect in our defensive organisation that, whereas behind the Regular Army stand not only the Army Reserve, liable to service in time of war, but also the Militia, Volunteers, and Yeomanry, all three of which bodies can be called upon for home defence in time of extreme national peril, behind the Navy stands only the numerically weak Royal Naval Reserve. Up to 1892, indeed, there was a Volunteer force maintained for naval purposes and known as the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers. But in that year a committee which had sat under the presidency of the unfortunate Admiral Tryon pronounced against the force, and it was disbanded.

The result was in many ways to be deplored. It is desirable that, if possible, the Volunteer movement should be utilised to supply a second line of reserves for the fleet. It is exceedingly doubtful if, in time of war, we should want all the six or seven hundred thousand men, who compose, on paper, our land force, available in the British Isles. But it is positively certain that our fleet would require all the men we could find. The Royal Naval Reserve would be absorbed upon mobilisation, and even so would not bring our personnel up to a figure adequate to meet immediate demands—and this without taking into account the necessary wastage which must occur in war. We have nothing with which to man ships bought or taken over on the eve of hostilities. How great the accessions to our Navy would be if we had the men to take the ships to sea can be seen from the fact that the United States in 1898, for the war against Spain, bought 11 fast liners, which were converted into cruisers; 28 yachts, which were converted into gun-boats; and 84 other vessels.

The main reason why the Tryon Committee condemned the Naval Artillery Volunteers was because its naval members felt strongly the truth of Pericles' famous saying, "Naval science is a profession, jealous of all other pursuits." It was thought that the force was an amateur one, without the knowledge, training and

discipline demanded in the seamen of our own day, and that it was not sufficiently practised at sea for work with or in the Navy, while if its work and training were to lie on land there was no good reason for its severance from the Volunteers. It must, however, be said that not a few of the arguments which were urged against the Naval Volunteers would apply against the Naval Reserve, yet the last was increased when the first was abolished. By a singular paradox, only a year or two before the Tryon Committee's Report, an American officer urged upon the United States Government the establishment of a force practically identical in organisation with the Naval Artillery Volunteers, and his advice was followed by the institution of the Naval Militia in the United States.

This Naval Militia was to be composed of seafaring men, yachtsmen, hands on board yachts and others. Practically in 1898, on the outbreak of the Spanish War, it included in its ranks all classes and all professions, intelligent, well-educated, and well-to-do men predominating. It was precisely such a force as those who seek to reorganise the Naval Volunteers would institute. And therefore it is of great interest and importance to see what it actually did in the war of 1898. It gave 196 officers and 3,832 men to the American Navy, and was employed upon signal service ashore, upon old harbour-defence ironclads and tugs used in patrolling the coast, upon four of the auxiliary cruisers, and upon a few of the battleships in the first line. Thus the *Oregon* received sixty of the Naval Militia. In all these various capacities the members of the force were well reported upon; and Admiral Sampson especially praised the gunnery of the Volunteers in the auxiliary cruiser *Yankee*. University men acted as coal trimmers, clerks and professional men trained and fired guns. "The Naval Reserves," said Admiral Sampson, "have proved their aptitude for sea duty, and made apparent the wisdom of the Government in calling them into active service."

Judging by this instance, and in these matters experience is important, a force of Naval Volunteers upon the lines of the United States Naval Militia or the old British Naval Artillery Volunteers would be capable of rendering valuable service. But it should not be forgotten that its members would never be the equals of the full-trained long-service seaman, or even of the short-service-trained men whom foreign navies have at their disposal. At the same time, if the cost was no more than in 1891, when 6,685*l.* was voted for 2,000 efficient, the force would be a cheap one. So small a sum, 100,000*l.* should give 10,000 men, even allowing for a more expensive training. The experiment of restoring the Naval Artillery Volunteers is, then, one which would seem well worth trying.

A CORRESPONDENT referring to the coloured supplement of the 5th Dragoon Guards of our Summer Number writes:—"The 5th Dragoon Guards was ordered and led by Lieutenant-Colonel at Elandslaagte was ordered and led by Lieutenant-Colonel John Gore, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and followed by his headquarters and one squadron of the regiment. Thus any success or credit obtained in that charge was due to the 5th Dragoon Guards. General French said after the charge that Colonel St. John Gore had the honour of leading the first *real* cavalry charge since the Crimean War. One squadron of the 5th Lancers was sent to Colonel Gore because his other squadrons had not arrived from India. It seems to have been assumed that the 5th Dragoon Guards who charged were *5th Lancers*. At present the despatches giving the correct description are in the War Office—not published, no doubt, for good reasons, and, meantime, no one seems to know that what credit there was belongs to the 5th Dragoon Guards. The regiment also did good work at Kotzee's Drift, where a detachment smartly surprised a Boer camp."



Tea gown of soft pink Liberty gauze over pink satin. The gown falls in closely pleated folds, and has a bolero of pink panne, trimmed with two rows of old Venetian lace. There is a small pleated muslin yoke edged with lace, and the sleeves are finished off with lace and puffs of pink silk muslin.

TEA GOWN



## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It is just twelve months ago since the Empire was in a state of depression which can be described as mainly due to the reverses which our forces had suffered in South Africa. The difficulties which confronted those forces have now been overcome by them, and the first detachment of the returning troops are to be welcomed in London on Saturday. The City Imperial Volunteers, for whom a cordial reception is being prepared, left with the good wishes of all, but their departure did not arouse much enthusiasm in the West End, for most of them were not connected with that somewhat egotistical district. The West End, however, admires success above all things; the City Imperial Volunteers have succeeded, and they are to receive an ovation as they pass through club-land.

The demand for tickets of admission to the clubs along the route is little less than that which there was at the time of the last Jubilee. Most of the clubs are to be open to the friends of members for the occasion, and at some of them a high charge is being exacted in order to make as big a profit as is possible out of the limited number of tickets that are to be issued. One club has gone to the other

be accorded a public welcome, and the Guards will undoubtedly not be allowed to slink in unobserved. As the West End tradesmen have suffered severely through the war having affected the London season, it is much to be hoped that the authorities will provide as many pageants as possible, for this will afford opportunities to those who have shops in the district to recover some of the losses they have sustained. The route should, however, not be always the same, so that the opportunities may be more or less evenly divided.

Many now incline to the opinion that the impending changes in the Government will not be made until the eve of the meeting of Parliament. Were that to happen Lord Cadogan would probably retain the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland until February, and Mr. Goschen might not retire from the Admiralty before then. Whatever opinions may be held, even by the best informed, on such a matter cannot be relied upon, for Lord Salisbury has probably already submitted to the Queen the names of those whom he has selected for his future colleagues, and when the most convenient time occurs for making the changes they will be made.

There are those who predict that Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador in Paris, will be raised to the Peerage as a reward for his services in connection with the Exhibition. It has frequently been suggested in this column that Sir Edmund should be

## War Portraits

LIEUTENANT HARRY KERR ATTFIELD was killed in the fighting near Ventersburg Road Station. "His death," says Lord Roberts, "is a great loss. He has been more than once brought to my notice for gallant conduct by Kelly-Kenny." Lieutenant Attfield joined the Derbyshire Regiment as a second lieutenant a little more than four years ago, and became lieutenant in February, 1898. Before the present campaign he served with the Tirah Expeditionary Force in 1897-98, and had the medal and two clasps for his services. Our portrait is by R. K. Durrant and Son, Torquay.

Surgeon-Captain Walter Waring, R.A.M.C. (Militia), son of the late Captain Waring, was in practice at Norwich. He left England on February 14, was gazetted surgeon-major May 9, and surgeon lieutenant-colonel August 30. He served with General Buller's Natal field force, and also had command of a field hospital. He died at Princess Christian's Hospital at Princetown Bridge, near Durban, on Saturday, October 6, aged forty-two. He leaves a wife but no children. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Lieutenant A. G. Gilpin was a son of Mr. A. Gilpin, J.P., and was born at Bendigo twenty-seven years back. Going to Ballarat with the rest of the family in 1879, he was educated at the Ballarat College, and, after serving for several years as a private in the 3rd Battalion of the Australian Imperial Regiment, received his commission in June, 1895. On the receipt of the news of his death, flags were floated half-mast high, as he was a popular member of the Ballarat as well as of the Melbourne Stock Exchange.



THE LATE LIEUT. F. H. WYLAM  
Killed near Heidelberg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT H. K. ATTFIELD  
Killed near Ventersburg Road Station



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. WALTER WARING  
Died of dysentery at Princetown Bridge



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. G. GILPIN  
Killed at Ottoshoof



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. W. TAYLOR  
Killed near Heidelberg



THE LATE LIEUT. J. R. WILLIAMS ELLIS  
Killed at Dwarsvlei



THE LATE LIEUT. P. A. TEMPLE JONES  
Died of wounds received near Heidelberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. D. STEWART  
Killed at Kaapmuidan

extreme, the committee having decided that no strangers are to be admitted on the occasion.

Jubilees and triumphal entries are an innovation in club-land, and they raise a difficulty which was not foreseen. If an Englishman's house is his castle, his club is the innermost recess of that castle—it is his hiding place from friend and foe alike. It was never contemplated that women and children would, on any occasion, force their way into this stronghold. Many old-fashioned men are not yet reconciled to this departure, and are opposed to any strangers being admitted. They contend that if the club windows afford a special advantage that advantage should be reserved for the members themselves. The regulations at the clubs in question were carefully framed to exclude women, and as to strangers if they want to enjoy the special advantages which the situation offers they had better submit to the ordeal of election. There is much to be said in favour of that view.

It is said that a hundred thousand men are to be sent back from South Africa between this and the New Year. A considerable number of them may be expected to march in triumph through the streets of London, a prospect which will prove disturbing to the old-fashioned club-man. Lord Roberts and his staff will assuredly

created a Peer if only as a compliment to France, for, in recent times, a Peer has generally represented Great Britain at the Paris Embassy. There is, however, a serious objection to the proposal—to wit, that Sir Edmund is not a rich man, and Her Majesty is rightly opposed to creating Peers whose fortune will not enable them to uphold the dignity of the title. Mr. Henry Austin Lee will certainly be promoted to the K.C.B., a reward which his services not only during the Exhibition, but at other times and in other directions, fully entitle him to receive. His promotion would be popular throughout the Diplomatic Service.

Are new uniforms to be designed for the Army? This question, which is important from one point of view and unimportant from another, is being much discussed, for the expense incurred by officers for uniforms is very serious to those who have small incomes. Are our officers and soldiers to have two distinct styles of dressing, one for work and one for display? That would only add to the expense, and the policy advocated by most Army reformers now is to diminish expenditure. The war, and the enthusiastic reception which the returning troops will receive, will make the Army especially popular, and, if the expenses of officers are cut down, many younger sons who were drifting into commercial life would join. They should, however, be taken at the flood, that is, when the general enthusiasm is at its height.

Captain Herbert Wodehouse Taylor, who was killed in the sharp fighting under Mahon on the 13th inst., belonged to "M" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, and was in his thirty-third year. Our portrait is by Browning, Exeter.

Lieutenant Frederick Herbert Wylam, 8th Hussars, was killed at the same time as Captain Taylor, and was twenty-four years of age. He had served in his regiment since February, 1897. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Bond Street.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Philip Astell Temple Jones, who was mortally wounded in the same engagement, also belonged to the 8th Hussars. He was born in March, 1875, was educated at Rugby and Sandhurst, and entered the army in October, 1895. He went to South Africa as special service officer in November, 1899, and rejoined his regiment when it arrived at the front last spring.

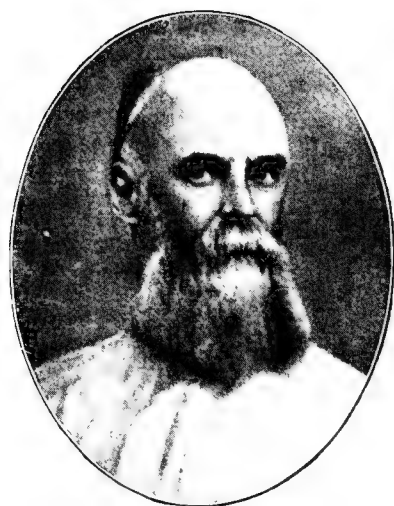
Lieutenant J. R. Williams-Ellis was born December, 1880, and was a son of the Rev. J. C. Williams-Ellis, of Glasfryn, Carnarvonshire, North Wales. He was educated at Rossall and Sandhurst, and entered the Royal Welsh Fusiliers December 1, 1899. He was killed in action at Dwarsvlei, near Krugersdorp, October 9, 1900. Our portrait is by Heath, Plymouth.

Captain Archibald Dundonald Stewart, of the Rifle Brigade, who was killed at Kaapmuidan, had seen sixteen years' service. He had the medal for the Burmese Expedition in 1886-88. Our portrait is by Basano, Old Bond Street.



This family suffered terribly in their flight through Shansi and Honan. The eldest girl, Jessie, died on the way from exhaustion, and so did another little daughter who is not included in the group.

### THE REV. A. R. SAUNDERS AND HIS FAMILY



THE REV. B. BAGNALL  
Murdered at Paoting-fu



GLADYS BAGNALL  
Murdered at Paoting-fu



MRS. BAGNALL  
Murdered at Paoting-fu



THE REV. ALFRED WOODROFFE  
Murdered near Shanghai



THE REV. S. F. WHITEHOUSE  
Murdered at Tai-yuen-fu



MRS. WHITEHOUSE  
Murdered at Tai-yuen-fu



MR. JOHN YOUNG  
Murdered in Shansi



MISS EDITH S. SHERWOOD  
Murdered at Ku-Cheo

### MARTYRED MISSIONARIES IN CHINA



Christian Martyrs

OF all the missionary societies at work in China, the China Inland Mission has suffered most heavily in the terrible martyrdom of missionaries. At the commencement of the Boxer rising, which came as a complete surprise to the various Christians missions, the China Inland Mission had over 800 missionaries stationed in every part of the Empire. Of these twenty are known to have perished, while several others are reported missing, though their deaths are not confirmed. The massacres have taken place chiefly in the one province of Shansi, and may be said to be the work of one man, Yu-hsien, the Governor of that province, the same person who, as Governor of Shantung, was denounced last March by Sir Claude Macdonald as "the principal culprit" in connection with the murder of Mr. Brooks. He was removed from office, but shortly afterwards appointed to the Governorship of Shansi, in spite of the protest raised by the Foreign Ministers. Amongst Yu-hsien's victims are Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Kay and their child, and Mr. John Young and Miss Emily Whitechurch, who were all done to death in the province ruled by this intensely anti-foreign Governor. Mrs. Cooper fled from Shansi with a party of fourteen persons, including the Rev. Alexander and Mrs. Saunders and their five children. Mr. Saunders has vividly described his terrible journey in a long and interesting letter to the *Times*. For eight days, until they crossed into Honan, they suffered the most cruel treatment at the hands of the Chinese, and four of the party, including Mrs. Cooper and her child and two of Mr. Saunders's children, died on the way from want and exposure. At the very beginning of their journey they were robbed of all they possessed, even of most of their clothing. At every village they passed they were subjected to the cruellest treatment, howling mobs beating and stoning them, not even allowing them to lie down and rest except in the fields and under cover of darkness. Even in Honan, though their lives were no longer in danger, they were lodged at night in the gaols as common criminals, and it was not until they reached Hupei Province,



MRS. E. J. COOPER AND BABY  
Who died during the flight from Shansi to Hankow

venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel trains its men, unless they have come to it already ordained, at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. The London Missionary Society does not pay for the training of candidates, but expects them to have obtained a training at one of the excellent theological colleges of the Congregationalists. The cost of this training, by the way, either comes out of the candidate's own pocket or is defrayed by the congregation to which he belongs. A somewhat similar usage prevails with the Baptist, Wesleyan and other leading Nonconformist Societies, though I believe that in some cases the societies pay for the training of candidates in the theological colleges of the denomination. The agents of the China Inland and Congo Basile missions owe a great debt to Harley House and Ulster College. Here let me say that no training is more thorough or prolonged than that of the Scottish Presbyterians, who go forth to their ministerial labours, whether at home or abroad, furnished with a mental equipment of unequalled completeness. It may be a result of this training that so many Scotch missionaries have become famous.

The Church Missionary Society stands somewhat alone in the variety of the agents which it employs, and therefore the diversity of its modes of training. A sketch of its methods may serve as an illustration of what is required of a missionary.

Many of its candidates are clergymen from the Universities, with a good proportion of honour men. This year one of the outgoing missionaries is a Fellow of his college, and was Senior Wrangler a few years ago. Such men as these the Society does not train, unless they happen to need special coaching of some kind. Medical men, however, though fully qualified, frequently enter the Society's college at Islington for a term or two of theological study. University graduates who are accepted by the Society while as yet laymen, also go into the college for a short time.

But we have principally to deal with a different type. Here is a young businessman who has offered his services to the Society. From many points of view he has been narrowly scrutinised, and he has stood the test. How is he



MR. DUNCAN KAY  
Murdered in Shansi



MRS. DUNCAN KAY  
Murdered in Shansi



JESSIE MATHESON KAY  
Murdered in Shansi



MISS EMILY WHITECHURCH  
Murdered at Hsiao-i, Shansi

ruled over by the friendly and enlightened Chang Chih Tung, that their sufferings came to an end.

The total number of missionaries who have lost their lives has not yet been ascertained, but ninety-three deaths have already been proved, and it is feared that many more who are missing have been put to death. Of those known to have perished thirty-five were British, including nine men, sixteen women, and ten children. Twenty-two were American, eight of them being men, eight women, and six children. The Roman Catholics have also suffered severely, it being known that five bishops, twenty-eight priests, and two sisters have been killed, while many others are reported to have been murdered. The figures for the native converts are difficult to verify, but it is estimated that in July alone twenty thousand were massacred in the Northern Provinces, to which part of the Empire the Boxer rebellion has been so far confined.

A few further particulars may be given with reference to our portraits of those who have died for their faith in China. Mr. John Young, of the China Inland Mission, was murdered with his wife (an American lady) in July last. He was about twenty-eight years of age, and received his theological training in the Bible Training Institute at Glasgow, in which city he was well known and respected. Miss Emily Whitechurch died at Hsiao-i, Shansi, on July 2, after sixteen and a half years' work in China. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whitechurch, of Downton, and was surrounded with missionary influences from her earliest years. The call to work in China came to her in 1883, and Miss Whitechurch offered herself to the China Inland Mission, and in February, 1884, she left for the East. She worked at Chifu until 1887, when she started for the station in Shansi, where she was murdered.

Mrs. E. J. Cooper, of the China Inland Mission, died on August 6 at Ing-shan, in the province of Hupei, from the effects of the treatment received at the hands of the Chinese, and her baby, Brainerd Cooper, died three days after arrival at Hankow. They were escaping as mentioned above from Lu-cheng, in Shansi. In the group of the Saunders family appears the portrait of Jessie Saunders, who died during this terrible journey to the coast through fatigue, exposure and want. A younger child, who does not appear in the picture, also succumbed. Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, of the China Inland Mission, and their daughter Gladys, were murdered at Pao-ting-tu: news of their massacre reached the mission-house on July 27. The two boys shown in the group are believed to be safe at Chifu. Mr. Bagnall, who was between fifty

and sixty years of age, had been in China since 1873. His wife, formerly a Miss Kingsbury, was engaged in mission work previous to her marriage. Mr. Alfred Woodroffe, who was murdered near Shanghai, was a native of Loughborough, Leicestershire, and was twenty-eight years of age. After training for the ministry he was accepted by the China Inland Mission, and went out to China in October, 1897. The Rev. S. F. Whitehouse and his wife, Gertrude Whitehouse, belonged to the Baptist Missionary Society, and were murdered at Tai-yuen-fu, Shansi. Mr. Whitehouse was a native of Birmingham, and was thirty-two years of age. He was at one time a representative in China of the National Bible Society of Scotland. Mrs. Whitehouse sailed for China in 1889, and was appointed a teacher in the Chifu College. Four years later she married Mr. Whitehouse. They were murdered on July 9 in the Yamen at Tai-yuen-fu.

The Training of Missionaries

by the Rev. J. D. MUILEN, M.A., Assist. Edit. Sec., Church Missionary Society

I FEAR there is a large number of persons whose views on the training of missionaries recall the celebrated essay on "Snakes in Ireland": "There are no snakes in Ireland." So, "The Training of Missionaries: Missionaries have no training." To hear some people talk, one would suppose that any anemic and under-bred youth who has acquired a stock of fluent piety has only to present himself to a missionary society, and he will be sent out as a missionary on the first opportunity. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In all the great societies the selection of candidates is conducted with care—sometimes very minute care. References are required, the candidate's antecedents are looked into, medical examinations of a stringent character must be passed, and many interviews must be undergone before the candidate is accepted. One Society, which receives an average of over 600 applications every year, rejects five for one that it accepts. Curiously enough, next to defective physique, an imperfect knowledge of the Bible is one of the most frequent causes of rejection!

Either before or after his selection by a Society the candidate must undergo a prolonged course of training. Not one of the great societies will send out a raw, untrained, untested man. The

to be made into a missionary? If he is not up to the educational standard of the College he is sent to the Society's preparatory institution at Clapham, perhaps for a year. He works hard there, as a rule, for he is anxious to pass the examination which will admit him to Islington.

Here a severer strain awaits him. Probably no set of men in England work harder than these Islington students. They are young men who have passed a severe medical examination, and are, therefore, presumably "fit"; they are earnest of purpose, and three years are all too short for what they have to do. Consequently their standard of work is very high. As one who has repeatedly examined them in more than one subject, the writer can testify to the unusual thoroughness of their work.

They learn enough Latin to enable them to translate an easy author, and reach about the same standard in classical Greek. In logic they would probably satisfy the "Mods." examiners at Oxford. Their study of the Greek testament is more thorough, and they obtain a working knowledge of Hebrew—a better knowledge, I am afraid, than that possessed by the majority of English clergy. Other theological subjects are studied in about the same measure.

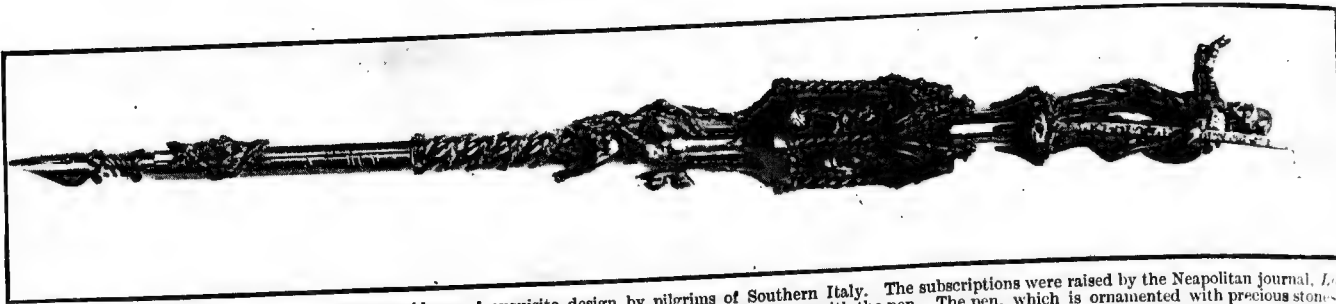
So much for the intellectual equipment of the students. It means a great deal of study, crammed as it is into a period of three years, but it is accomplished. In the Cambridge Preliminary Theological Examination, a test which most Bishops require their candidates for Holy Orders to pass, the Islington College students uniformly do well. In the Bishop of London's Ordination Examination, their success is phenomenal. For at least ten years past the "Gospeller"—that is the candidate who has come out highest on the list at the Trinity Ordination—has been an Islington man, while most of the other Islington students have taken high places.

This is not all. The students must be prepared for the practical side of their work. Accordingly mission districts in the slums of Islington are visited, Sunday Schools are taught, mission services are conducted, and in other ways the students begin at home the evangelistic work which they are to engage in abroad. Apart from the training thus afforded, an insight is gained into the capacity of each student for particular branches of the missionary labour, an insight which is turned to account when the time comes for assigning him to his sphere of work.

Even this does not exhaust the occupations of those very full three years. Many a missionary's lot is cast in places where no medical aid is forthcoming. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that

he should know something of medicine, theoretical and practical. "A little learning" may be "a dangerous thing," but it is infinitely better than none at all when a man is struck down with fever in some remote station and no other help is near. The students attend lectures on medicine and surgery, learn something of dispensing, and visit the out-patients' department of a neighbouring dispensary. Some enter Livingstone College for a term or two to get further medical training. These are not, however, labelled as medical missionaries. The Society recognises by that title only those who have obtained a full diploma in medicine.

Any little odds and ends of time that may remain can be usefully employed in the carpenter's shop or the printing press within the College grounds.



The Pope was the other day presented with a gold pen of exquisite design by pilgrims of Southern Italy. The subscriptions were raised by the Neapolitan journal, *La Croix*, and the Pope has promised that if he be spared to see the new century he will write the first date with the pen. The pen, which is ornamented with precious stones, was designed by the artist, E. Ingaldi, in the Italian Gothic style of the twelfth century. Surmounting a canopy at the end of the pen is a figure of our Saviour. In the niches under the canopy are beautiful designed figures.

GOLD PEN PRESENTED TO THE POPE BY PILGRIMS FROM SOUTHERN ITALY



A new central home for district nurses, situated in Prince's Road, Liverpool, and erected at a cost of 12,000l. out of funds furnished by the David Lewis Trust, was formally opened last week. It was decided that the fund of 23,000l. raised in Liverpool to commemorate Her Majesty's long reign should be devoted to nursing, and these resources were augmented by an offer from the David Lewis Trust to build a new central home. It is intended that nurses shall periodically visit elementary schools to attend to the minor ailments which afflict poor children, and some nurses will be prepared to visit twice a day, for a small fee, patients who are not classed among the poor but cannot afford to secure the exclusive services of a nurse.

A NEW HOME FOR DISTRICT NURSES AT LIVERPOOL

Other manual accomplishments have been known to come in useful. The Society possesses a choice photograph of a missionary in Central Africa in the act of mending his boots. The act is typical of many which the pioneer missionary would do well to learn. "Your first duty will be to build your own house"—so ran the Committee's instructions to a North-West Canada missionary some years ago.

With their hours so fully occupied, it is not surprising that the recreations of the students should be of the sort that gets the most exercise within a given time.

Such is the home training of the candidate who is to become a clerical missionary. The Society has of late years recognised that rather less is needed for men who are not to be ordained, and are destined for work among the less cultured races. These "short-course" men go out into the mission field as laymen, as a rule under a senior missionary. If they do well in this capacity they are often brought home to receive further training.

Ladies pass through a course similar to that of the male candidates, with suitable modifications, and, of course, in separate institutions. They go out as teachers, zenana visitors, mission nurses, and in many other capacities

and their training is coloured by the particular end aimed at. As with the men, so with the women, practical work is a distinct element in the training.

It ought to be mentioned that if at any point in his training the conduct or progress of the candidate give cause for general dissatisfaction, the Society reserve to themselves the power to sever his connection with them.

At last the missionary, man or woman, is despatched to a foreign field. Even then his training is not complete. He is required to study the language of the people among whom he is to labour and to pass two examinations in it. Senior missionaries aided by native scholars wherever they are to be obtained examine him in translation into and from the vernacular, conversation, in knowledge of the literature of the language, any such exists, and in similar tests. After the first examination in these subjects the young missionary is allowed to do some evangelistic work, but only after passing the second is he fully fledged. From the date of his first candidature to his final release from further examinations five or six years may have elapsed. He may break down at any point in the preparation, but if he survives the long series of tests we are surely justified in considering that he is "trained."

A great testimony to the training of the Islington College is that within the last fifty years no less than eight of its students have been raised to the Episcopate, while one former student is a resident Canon of Exeter. The linguistic and other literary work of former students is both voluminous and valuable.

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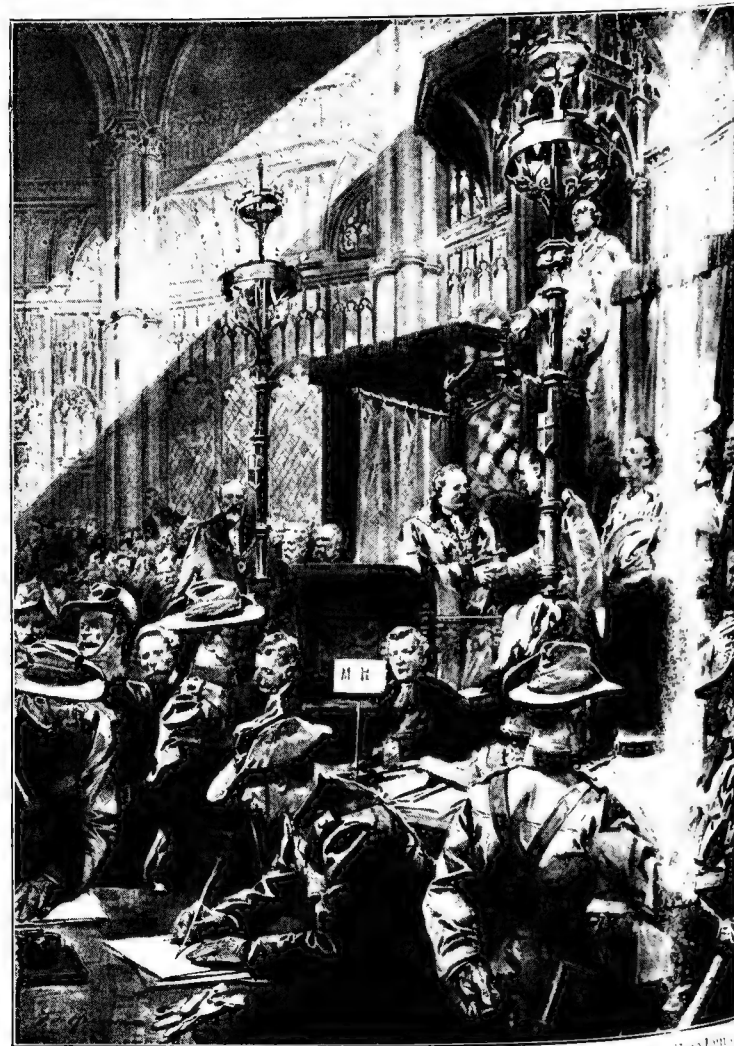
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Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell was welcomed with great enthusiasm at Cape Town, and the municipality presented him with an address.

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO LIEUT.-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL BY THE CORPORATION OF CAPE TOWN

## New Novels

### "A MASTER OF CRAFT"

To say that "A Master of Craft" (Methuen and Co.) is from the pen of that Marryat of the coasting trade, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, is at the same time to explain the point of its punning title. Captain Flower, of the *Foam*, is an inordinately vain but not less simple-minded mariner, with an inveterate propensity to make promises of marriage in the fullest self-confidence of being able to lie himself out of any resulting inconveniences. Naturally he is considerably less of a lady-killer than he fancies; while his elaborate stratagems for avoiding entanglements and escaping embarrassments only embarrass and entangle him more and more, till nothing is left to Mr. Jacobs but to drop the curtain and to leave his too Machiavellian hero dismally throwing rice at a wedding that he intended to have been his own. The novel is mainly farce, but it is good farce, well put together, and not a scene too long. Moreover, it is combined with an exceedingly pretty and sympathetic love story—

not the Captain's, despite the part he plays in it—to give relief, and thereby additional effect, to the fun.

### "CHARMING RENÉE"

Miss Arabella Kenealy again shows, in "Charming Renée" (Hutchinson and Co.), that she knows not only how to tell a story, but how to make it interesting, however wildly or even absurdly impossible its plot may be. The wild devices of a fiendishly wicked woman to get rid of her brother-in-law's wife, even to causing the death of her own child and procuring her brother-in-law, a peer of the realm, to be tried for its murder, are incredible enough. More incredible still is the conduct of the crippled Lord Stratheldon, who allows himself to be thought guilty of another murder—that of a little brother—in order to protect his mother's memory from an imputation of puerperal mania. It is only by the help of a doctor's statutory declaration and the angel-like intervention of his really charming and sensible wife, Renée, that he is saved from killing himself with two revolvers. We cannot transfer the epithets of sensible and charming from the heroine to her story. But, as we began by saying, its interesting and even entertaining qualities are beyond all question; and this for better reasons than the inevitable curiosity to know what on earth Miss Kenealy is going to do with such people in such, to say the least, exceptional situations. The "Society of Heels," among whose members the wicked sister-in-law is a leading spirit, is a great deal more amusing than one would expect from its far from brilliantly imitative title; and the portraiture generally—where it stops short of sensational exaggeration—is frequently humorous, and, in its heroine's case, attractive. The style is somewhat *flamboyant*, but never for a moment dull. It is likely that the prototype of the suburb of Kerleigh will be much more readily recognised than that of the "Society of Heels."

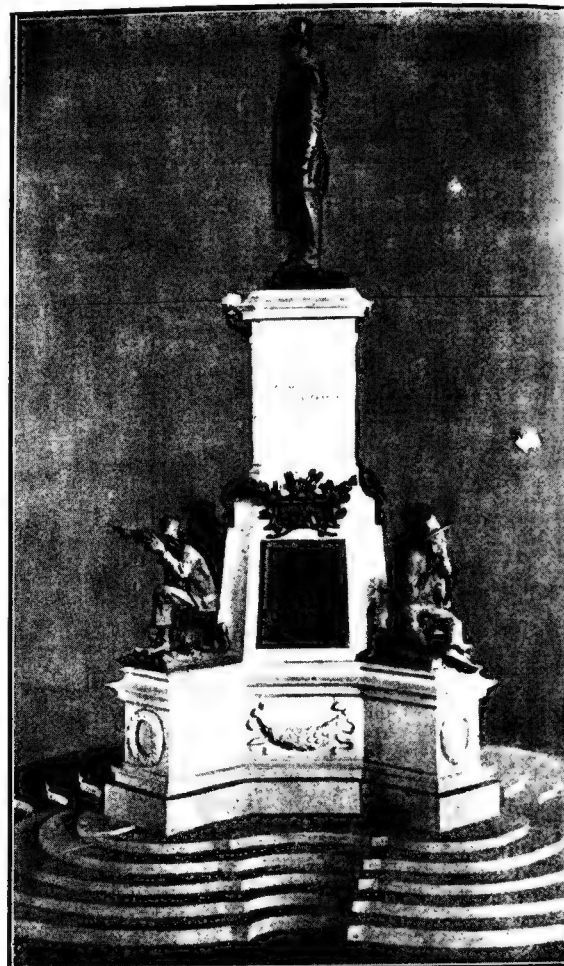
### "THE SOFT SIDE"

Mr. Henry James's volume of a dozen stories (Methuen and Co.) appeals, it need not be said, wholly and solely to those who have time and inclination for tasting the separate flavours of every word, one might not unfairly say, of every comma. And even when that process has been followed to the end there is always the fear of having missed something printed in invisible ink between the lines. The reasonableness of such fear is the only way of accounting for an incoherence of portraiture, inconsequence of action, and irrelevance of incident, more apparent in the short stories than in the long novels of Mr. James. The effect of his sentences is that of gems, polished to a monotony of excellence, and arranged in an unbroken straight line without even the hint of a pattern. But even he is not superhumanly consistent. "The Third Person," for example, where two maiden ladies are jealous of one another about a ghost, who can only be exorcised by an act, not of reparation for his crimes, by one of sympathetic imitation, breaks out not merely into lucidity, but into actual humour. The rest will be appreciated and enjoyed by all who require nothing beyond the sort of verbal jewellery that we have already described.

### "A BREAKER OF LAWS"

Mr. Alfred Bateson, known to his friends as "Elf" (cockney for "Alf"), Mr. W. Pett Ridge's typical "Breaker of Laws" (Harper

and Brothers), scarcely strikes us as a typical burglar. Nor does his social circle convey an unquestioning conviction of its reality. No doubt, however, the result may be less due to any lack of skill in the part of Mr. Ridge than to preconceptions based upon an intimate acquaintance with the late William Sikes, and the practitioners of his distinctly unsentimental school. No pupil or client of Fagin would, we are sure, have been capable of an act of delicate unselfishness worthy of an Enoch Arden. Probably, or rather inevitably, the burglar has not been unaffected by the influences of modern culture, even though his grammar and his accent still leave much to be desired. But it must not be supposed that he has grown uninterestingly tame. "Elf" Bateson's attempted escape in a railway tunnel between Rotherhithe and Wapping is quite as exciting as most things of its kind, and leads effectively to the climax, what is, on the whole, a good story, despite the stamp upon its characters of invention rather than of portraiture.



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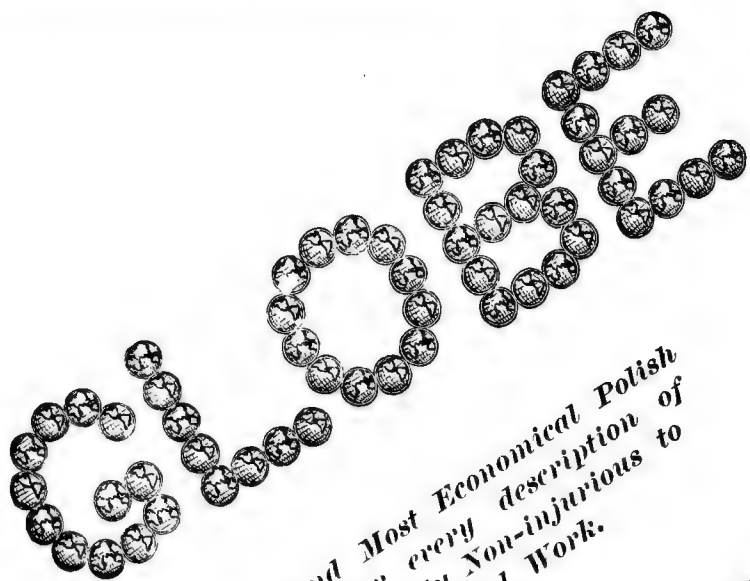
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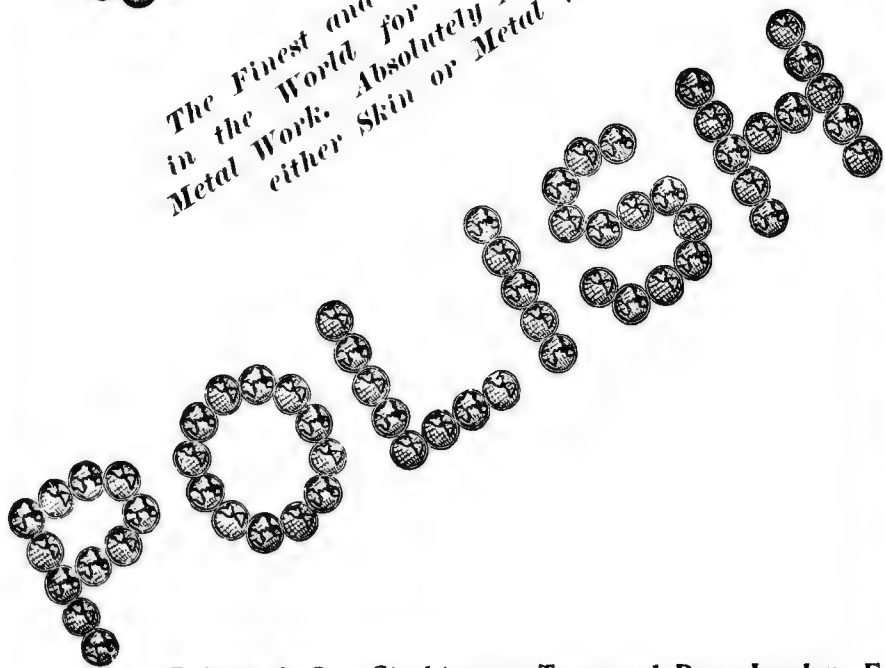
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MIXTURE.

## Captain E. B. Towse, V.C.

CAPTAIN TOWSE, who has been awarded the V.C., it will be remembered lost his eyesight while performing the act of gallantry for which he was recently decorated. On April 30, 1900, Captain Towse, with twelve men, took up a position on the top of Mount Thaba, far away from support. A force of about 150 Boers attempted to seize the same plateau, neither party appearing to see the other until they were but 100 yards apart. Some of the Boers then got within forty yards of Captain Towse and his party, and



CAPTAIN E. B. TOWSE, V.C.  
Awarded a special wounds pension

called on him to surrender. He at once caused his men to open fire, and remained firing himself until severely wounded, both eyes being shattered, but ultimately succeeded in driving off the Boers. The gallantry of this officer in vigorously attacking the enemy (he not only fired, but charged forward) saved the situation, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the Boers. A special wounds pension of 300*l.* a year is now to be bestowed on Captain Towse. The Queen was much moved, it is said, by his case, and shed tears when she pinned on the decoration he had earned at such terrible cost. It is said to be at her instance that the War Office has awarded the pension.

## "The Renaissance of South Africa"\*

WHEN Mr. Archibald Colquhoun writes either a book or a Press article, he does it with the authority of one whose knowledge is born of personal experience, and whether he be dealing with Asia or Africa his remarks and opinions are well worthy of consideration and study. In writing of the volume before us, it may be mentioned that the author formerly served as Administrator of Mashonaland, added to which he did valuable work as the correspondent of the *Times* in South Africa, and had, therefore, every opportunity of "spying out the land," and of studying its inhabitants, both black and white. "South Africa," he writes, "is a land of surprises—not always pleasant ones—and it is not unlikely that her prosperity in the future may largely depend on conditions now unappreciated." The work may be said to be divided into two parts. In the first the writer treats of the history of South Africa, of the physical conditions in the various territories, and of the peoples, native and otherwise. In the second he "suggests" the strictly practical and plain solutions to the vital problems of South Africa, and not the theoretical. With regard to the mineral wealth of the new territories (including Rhodesia) we are warned that, although for some years to come gold will furnish the main source of prosperity, it will not last for ever. The author quotes Mr. Bryce, who says:—"South Africa is now living not on her income, but on her capital, and that in twenty-five years half or more of the capital may be gone." Meanwhile such considerations do not worry those who are in any way connected with the gold industry. "We are not working for posterity" is essentially a South African motto. "It will last our time" the usual comment. There is no doubt the future hope of South Africa lies in agriculture and cattle farming. Then, again, this difficulty arises; miners and men who form the *entourage* of mines are not settlers or colonists in the true sense of the word. "The stream of immigration has been constant, but has flowed out as fast as it has flowed in." The only permanent element has been the Dutch. "How can this be altered?" asks the writer. Unless, he says, we can effect such a change in the natures of men, and in the conditions of life in South Africa, that "we can people the wilderness and make the barren places sing with fatness," in another fifty years we will find ourselves face to face with a solid body of Dutchmen, sons of the soil, and increasing in numbers yearly while we stand practically still. What we want in South Africa is a different class of men to those who have hitherto flocked to South Africa. We must get men who will regard the country as their home, and to do this we must make it possible for them to live and bring up their children with the advantages of education, and some of the amenities of civilisation. Mr. Colquhoun concludes by saying that the settlement of British colonists on the soil can alone solve the problem of the future, and accomplish the fusion of Boer and Briton. This fusion he considers absolutely necessary, for in an earlier portion of the book he writes:—"The fact that the chief question in South Africa, after all, is that of white and black, makes greatly towards a confederation of some sort, for it is only by such a step that the problem of their relations can be solved. With all their differences the British and Dutch in South Africa are quite at one as to the dangers ahead from the black element." We have been able to give but a faint outline of Mr. Colquhoun's ideas on the settlement that will have to

\* "The Renaissance of South Africa." By Archibald Colquhoun. (Hurst and Blackett)

be made sooner or later, and we strongly advise our readers, before making up their minds on this vital question, to carefully study what he says on the subject.

## The Late Mr. John Sherman

MR. JOHN SHERMAN, the former United States Secretary of State, was a brother of the famous General Sherman, the hero of the march through Georgia, which broke the back of the Confederate States in the campaign of 1864. Born at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1823, John Sherman studied law, and at twenty began to practise. At twenty-five John Sherman was known throughout his State as an ardent politician.

He was prominent among those who nominated General Taylor for the Presidency in 1848, and four years later he was secretary to the Convention which nominated General Scott. In 1854 he entered Congress, and from that time was almost continuously in the public service. His high talent and calmness of judgment eventually earned him the Speakership of the House of Representatives. When Lincoln became President Mr. Sherman left the House to take the place in the Senate vacated by the appointment of Judge Chase to the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Later on, under President Hayes, Mr. Sherman himself became Secretary to the Treasury. His tenure of the office was rendered memorable by the resumption of specie payments by the United States—an operation which was carried out without any dislocation of the financial or commercial interests of the country. On the close of President Hayes's Administration in 1881, Mr. Sherman re-entered the Senate, and remained there until March, 1897, when he was appointed Secretary of State in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. In the interval his name became closely identified with the Silver Law of 1890—a measure which was so conspicuous a failure that in 1893 President Cleveland was compelled to convoke a special Session of Congress to repeal its chief clause. As Secretary of State Mr. Sherman was not a success, owing chiefly to his failing health, and he retired into private life in April, 1898. He published in 1879 a volume of his "Selected Speeches and Reports on Finance and Taxation," and in 1896 his "Recollections." He was twice a Republican candidate for the Presidency.



THE LATE MR. JOHN SHERMAN  
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## Canada and the War

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

THE gallant conduct of Canadian soldiers at the front has, beyond doubt, invested Canada with an added interest for the people of this country. But much of this interest, it must be confessed, had been previously aroused by the loyal attitude and personal picturesqueness of the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, on his visit to England during the Diamond Jubilee, was the recipient of unbounded goodwill on the part of all classes of Englishmen. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the first French-Canadian to attain the office of Prime Minister, and the leader of a Party for nearly twenty years excluded from power, will once again find himself, in the course of a few weeks, standing his trial before the most widely dispersed electorate in the world, with the solitary exception of Canada's southern neighbour. The result of the forthcoming political contest is so far from being a foregone conclusion, and the Opposition, led by Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, so strong in numbers, that the campaign is certain to absorb the most widespread attention.

On the 9th inst. the eighth Parliament of the Dominion, which has been in session since August, 1896, was dissolved by Royal Proclamation, and writs were issued for a General Election. The issues nominally relate to the question of Protection *versus* Free-trade, the Conservatives advocating the former as the only prudent fiscal policy for a new country; the Liberals, having already lowered the tariffs in favour of the Mother Country, desiring a gradual return to Mr. Cobden's principles. But the campaign is really to be

fought out on the "khaki" issue—*i.e.*, the electors being arrayed for or against the principle of Colonial participation in the South African War. The French-speaking population is said to view the Premier's action adversely. It may be mentioned that Mr. Macdonald, affectionately known as "Hugh John" throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, is the son of the celebrated founder of the confederated provinces, and, although a successful lawyer, has only been recently tempted to enter politics as the Premier of Manitoba. This office he now resigns in order to take part in the wider and more important issues which form the present campaign. With whatever side lies the victory, whether with Liberals or Conservatives (and these Party distinctions, it must be remembered, are not quite the same in the Colonies as with us), whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir Charles Tupper succeeds to office, it cannot be denied that at present Canada is enjoying a period of unexampled prosperity. In every branch of industry, in every department of human endeavour, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, education, and the arts, the country is emerging from the deep shadow which fell upon it in the early "eighties." It is very much to be doubted if any political party can claim this prosperity as its peculiar achievement or as the result of any happy policy. The Canadian Pacific Railway, the gold discoveries in the Klondyke district, the mines in British Columbia and Ontario, coal in Nova Scotia, the pulp industry in New Brunswick are, doubtless, the chief causes of Canada's actual flourishing condition.

One of the most curious, and, perhaps, the most notable, features of the impending contest is the attitude of Mr. Tarte, a French-Canadian who holds the office of Minister of Public Works in the Laurier Cabinet. This gentleman, as even his admirers confess,

has been the unhappy instrument of arousing a great deal of race feeling in the Province of Quebec, inhabited, as it is, by nearly a million and a half citizens of French origin. Mr. Tarte's love for the land of his ancestors is, of course, purely Platonic, but on a recent visit to France he was betrayed into a greater exuberance of language than either he intended or the majority of the English-speaking Canadians, members of his own Party, relished. The consequence is that upon his return an effort was made to force him out of the Liberal Cabinet. But the chivalrous Premier stood by his friend and colleague, and the attempt has so far failed. No one doubts Mr. Tarte's real loyalty, although offence has been given by bands of music playing the "Marseillaise" in his honour, the flying of the French tricolour on his river yacht, and a number of offences against the code of tact, if not of prudence. It is certain that the attitude of Mr. Tarte has rather complicated matters; but, as one prominent statesman in Quebec has recently remarked, "the loyalty of French-Canada is of much too robust a fibre to be damaged by mere language." The Queen has no more loyal subjects in her Empire than the French-speaking Canadians, and their conduct at Paardeberg (not to mention other engagements in South Africa) has only rendered a signal instance of their practical devotion to the flag. The promised visit of a contingent of Canadian troops to London at the close of the war will give Englishmen at home an opportunity to evince their lively sense of obligation for the feats of their Transatlantic brethren in the field. We learn from another source, too, that the Duke and Duchess of York, after their visit to Australia, may not improbably return via the Dominion, an event which would afford Canadians of all parties and classes the liveliest satisfaction.



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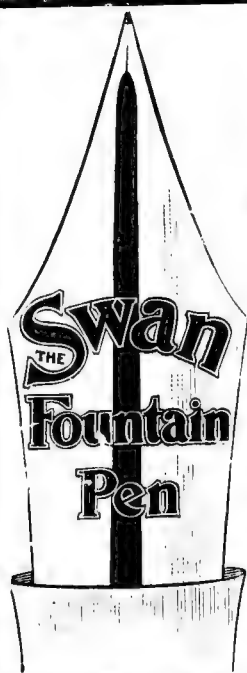
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In consequence of the advance in price of the materials of which this Corset is manufactured, we regret that we have had to slightly raise the price.

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|-----------------------------|------|------------------------------|------|
| White Coutille, Low Bust .. | 25/6 | White Coutille, High Bust .. | 28/9 |
| Black Satin ..              | 39/6 | Black Satin ..               | 45/8 |

This Corset is quite unique, and will supply a long-felt want by ladies who like a deep hip support. Every pair is fitted with stocking suspenders, which have the double advantage of dispensing with one waistband, and also holding the Corset down in the most comfortable position. It is made in two designs, high and low bust; the latter we specially recommend for stout figures.

Orders Executed in Rotation. Telephone 2,668 Gerrard.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., 252 to 264, REGENT ST., W.

## "PERFECT" SCOTCH WHISKY

This Whisky has been well known for nearly a century. During that period it has not varied in character. There is nothing finer in the market. Made solely from home-grown barley and sold perfectly matured when 7 and 10 years old.

## HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases,  
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair  
savers. **WAVERS**

Price 42s. and 45s. per dozen, Carriage Paid.  
J. & R. WILLIAMSON,  
17, Royal Exchange Square, GLASGOW.

## "AN EXCELLENT FOOD,

admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons."

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.  
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."  
—THE LANCET.

"Not so binding to the bowels as many Foods are."  
—PYE HENRY CHAVASSE, F.R.C.S.E., &c.

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OVER  
70 YEARS'  
ESTABLISHED  
REPUTATION.



BROUGHT UPON NEAVE'S FOOD.

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70 YEARS'  
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"A PERFECT Food for Infants." MRS. ADA S. BALLIN,  
Editress of "Baby."

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in the  
**RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.**

SPECIAL TO MOTHERS.—If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

FOR BOTH INDOOR & OUTDOOR LIGHTING  
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## LIGHT

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS & SEE THAT YOU GET THE  
WELSBACH COMPANY'S BURNERS & MANTLES.  
ASK YOUR GASFITTER OR IRONMONGER FOR A CATALOGUE OR

THE WELSBACH INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT CO. LD

YORK ST. WESTMINSTER, S.W.

OR ANY OF THEIR BRANCHES.



## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE month of October is often fine in England, but seldom is it so fine as the present year has shown it. The Londoner has rejoiced in more hours of October sunshine than he can well recall in other years, but the days drew in soon, and not much sunshine remained after half-past three or, at latest, four p.m. In the country this has been different, and beautiful sunsets have been added to the beauties of the month. An air at once refreshing and genial has made life an active pleasure, and not what the gloomy Schopenhauer called it when healthiest, a "mere cessation of pain." The death rate has been extremely low, ten per thousand at many places. Trees have kept much of their foliage, but the beech and oak have, within the last week, joined the plane, the poplar, and the chestnut in the shedding of leaves. The ash, acacia, sumach, and elm are still well clothed. In the garden it is somewhat different, the Virginia creeper, after a brief period of scarlet glory, is leafless, and the night frosts, though not severe, have cut down all the merely semi-hardy deciduous plants and shrubs. The chrysanthemums make a brave show, and where its roots are well protected by fallen leaves or by sand the delicate tobacco plant is still in flower. In a

Peckham garden as recently as the 20th a fine group of these scented white stars was still in summer beauty. The country is now busy with drilling and ploughing, and the threshing machine is hard at work. Potatoes are being got in, and the root crop will soon begin to be stored. It is the best crop both of *swedes* and mangolds for many years.

## THE DAIRY SHOW

The great show at Islington has reached its quarter of a century, the first display having been in 1876. The show of all the chief dairy kinds of cattle was worthy of the occasion, and everything went to prove that the dairy interest is steadily going ahead. There is less interest taken in goats than in the great days of Mr. Holmes Pegler, but the peculiar richness of goats' milk will always give it medicinal value, and it is satisfactory to know that such famous owners as Mr. Walter, Mr. Hook, and Mr. Dawson keep up the standard of the goats bred. With respect to cheese, Stilton, as is but appropriate in these Conservative times, is seen to be well holding its own. Cheshire cheese this year has made an increased show; the alleged disappearance of genuine Cheshire from London is due to the enormous increase in Lancashire and Yorkshire populations, and the save on the railway carrying charges by selling locally. Nearly a thousand Cheddar cheeses were shown, so that

Mr. Candy, of Cattistock, who took first prize, may congratulate himself on no easy victory. The new machinery did not strike us as of average interest, but the small Alpha-Laval separator, exhibited by the Dairy Supply Company, deserves to be widely known. It does its work as well as the bigger machines, yet it is adapted to the smallest private dairy, and needs very little physical strength to work it. While many ladies in the country would gratefully accept it as a pretty present, it does genuine and useful work.

## HOPS

The English crop this year was very deficient; the *Mark Lane Express*, which always devotes special attention to it, says, "nearly thirty per cent." This being so, the time is peculiarly suitable for pressing a matter which would greatly help all growers, and at the same time reassure the general public. That all beer should contain hops as well as malt seems to be an obviously wise thing to enact, yet vested interests have prevented the enactment for three successive Parliaments. We now hear that of new M.P.'s Viscount Cranbourne, the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, the Hon. H. Cubitt, and Messrs. Brookfield, Nicholson, Baldwin, Warde, Hardy, Boscawen, Hogg, Howard, and Lowther are pledged to push the measure. Let them be well organised by January next and take no denial from Mr. Long or any other Minister.

## BEAUTIFUL SKIN

### Soft White Hands

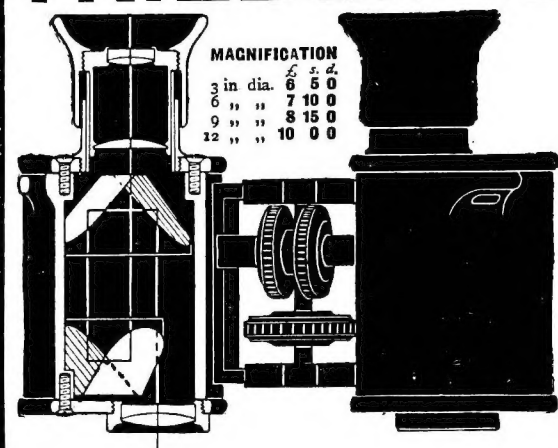
### Luxuriant Hair

Produced by  
**Cuticura**  
**SOAP**

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with itching palms and shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, because the only preventive of the cause, viz., inflammation and clogging of the PORES.

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. NEWBURY, London; L. MIDY, Paris; R. TOWNS & Co., Sydney. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

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These Glasses have a magnifying power and a field of view 8 to 10 times as great as those of the old style. They are the best glasses for

## THE ARMY & NAVY

and for all kinds of Sports. They are largely used at the **Seat of War in South Africa**. Every Glass bears the Maker's Name.

Price List to be obtained from any good Optician, or from

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(Mention this paper.)

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The Highest Award at the  
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## GRAND PRIX,

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See the marvellous results obtained with the New **Panoram Kodak**, price 50/-, and the No. 3, **Folding Pocket Kodak**, price £3 12s. 6d.

ON SALE BY ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.

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Retail Branches—60, Cheapside, E.C. 3; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; 57, Brompton Road, W.; also at 25, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Paris—Eastman Kodak Societe Anonyme Francaise, Avenue de l'Opera 5, Place Vendome 4.  
Berlin—Eastman Kodak Gesellschaft m.b.H., Friedrichstrasse 107, Friedrichstrasse 16.  
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Vienna—Kodak, Ltd., Graben 27.  
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DIAMOND MERCHANTS, beg respectfully to intimate that they purchase or exchange valuable Jewels and Plate from £5 to £10,000.

17 & 18, Piccadilly, London, W., and 1 & 2, Gracechurch Street, E.C. Established 1772

Private Show-rooms for Ladies wishing to exchange or dispose of Jewels, &c. Valuable Bijouterie, &c., can be sent in absolute safety by registered post, and is returned at once, post free, if offer be not accepted. Competent Valuers sent by appointment, if desired.

The Genuine Brandy  
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Messrs. Jas. Hennessy and Co. are  
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OLDEST, PUREST, & BEST.

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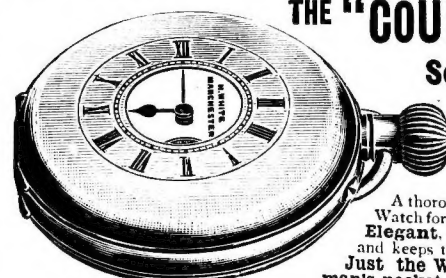
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Solid 14-ct. Gold

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Timed for variations in temperatures

Hunting, at £8 15s. Ordinary price, £11 11s. Engine turned or polished plain, upon which an elegant Monogram may be engraved for 5s. extra. Money refunded in full within 10 days of purchase should any article fail to please. Either Watch sent at the H. White Manufacturing Co.'s own risk on receipt of Cheque, P.O. draft. A Certificate of Warranty for Seven Years accompanies panics each Watch.

### A Doctor's Testimony.

44, The Parade, Walton-on-Avon

H. White, Esq. Oct. 10 1900

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed

cheque £4 17 6 in payment of your

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Value.—Faithfully yours,

Edward Smith.



THE  
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"COUNTY" a charming Watch, with well finished, full jewelled movement. Excellent Timekeeper. Richly Case, with the hour numerals exquisitely enameled, under a ring of pale Coral Opal. Plain Polished Cases for Monogram, if preferred. Solid 14-ct. Gold Cases, £2 15 0. 13-ct. G. Cases, £3 15 0.

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**"Her Majesty's Blend,"**

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CATALOGUES FREE ON APPLICATION.

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| 5ft. Fumed Oak Sideboard                          | £9 17 6      |
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The Universal  
Remedy for  
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Stomach, Head-  
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The Physicians' Cure for Gout, Rheumatic Gout and Gravel; the safest and most gentle Medicine for Infants, Children, Delicate Females, and the Sickness of Pregnancy

SOLD THROUGHOUT  
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For Furniture, Brown Boots,  
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THE OLDEST AND BEST.

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ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT & PORTABLE

## SOUP SQUARES

These squares are prepared in 13 Varieties (MULLIGATAWNY, JULIENNE, GRAVY, &c.), and should find a place in every store-room, being invaluable for making soup at short notice or improving stock. They will keep good any reasonable length of time and are packed in neat boxes containing 6 & 12 Squares.

ONE 6<sup>p</sup> SQUARE  
WILL MAKE A PINT & A HALF  
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SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING GROCERS & STORES.  
Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the Squares, please communicate at once with the Manufacturers,  
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Flexible, suitable to the hollow-ground Razor. No. 1 12 in. Strop, 3s. 6d.; No. 2, handsome leather-covered Strop, highly finished, 6s. 6d.

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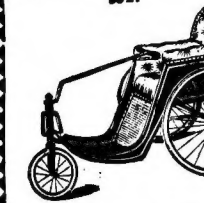
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Best in the World!

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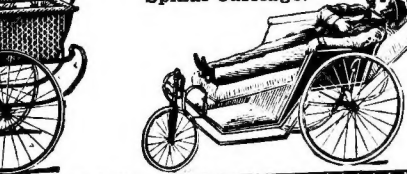


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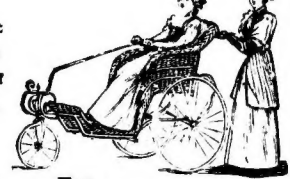
Adjustable Bath Chair or Spinal Carriage.



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**FOOD FOR  
INFANTS,  
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"Balmoral Castle,  
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"Sirs,—Please forward to  
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2s. 6d. Tins of BENDER'S  
FOOD for H.I.M. THE  
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We have received the box  
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"Yours truly,  
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## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL  
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no unpleasant odour. IS NOT a dye.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER  
is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE  
**MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER,**

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

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**IRISH CAMBRIC** Children's Bordered, pr. doz. 1/3 Hemstitched— per doz.  
Ladies' " " 2/3 Ladies' " " 2/8  
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Telegraphic Address:

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COLLARS.—Ladies' 3-fold, from 3/6 per doz.; Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. CUFFS.—For Ladies or  
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SEASON 1900.—Special Ejector.  
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ABSOLUTELY CURE  
Dyspepsia, Indigestion,  
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Specks floating before the Eyes, Flatulency,  
Wind about the Heart, Pains between the  
Shoulder Blades, Bilious, Sick and Nervous  
Headaches, Distress from too Hearty Eating,  
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Complexion, Sluggish Liver, Great Mental  
Depression, and a general feeling of being  
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In glass tubes, 134d. Of all chemists. Note steel-engraved labels  
blue letters on white ground, and name of proprietors, Carter  
Medicine Co. Dose, one at night; but the first night take three.

They "TOUGH" the LIVER,

But be SURE they are **CARTER'S.**

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The Dean of Carlisle writes—

"Sir,—I was almost beyond experience  
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medicines, which are simple and easy of application.  
I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial  
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IS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR  
THE CURE OF GOUT & RHEUMATISMONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR  
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Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists. Wholesale  
Depôt, F. COMAR & SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct,  
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In Jars, 6d.,

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## SEEGER'S

Black, by merely combing it through.

Annual Sale 310,000 Bottles.

Of all Hairdressers, 2s., or plain sealed case, post

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ORIGINAL AND

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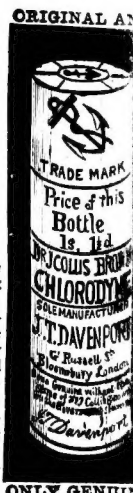
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The Illustrated London  
News of Sept. 28, 1895, says:  
"If I were asked which  
single medicine I should pre-  
fer to take abroad with me  
as likely to be most generally  
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others, I should say CHLORO-  
DYNE. I never travel without  
it, and its general applica-  
bility to the relief of a large  
number of simple ailments  
forms its best recommenda-  
tion."



ONLY GENUINE

CHOLERA,

DIARRHŒA,

DYSENTERY.

GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH,  
London, REPORTS that ACIS as a  
CHARM, one dose generally suffi-  
cient.  
Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff,  
Calcutta, states: "TWO DOSES  
COMPLETELY CURED MR. OF  
DIARRHŒA."

Royal Irish Fusiliers, Cork,  
Feb. 6th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,

I wish to give public testimony to the in-  
finite value which your remedy for Dysentery and Diar-  
rhœa (Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne) proved to several  
members of the Special Service Corps in the recent  
Ashanti Expedition. I bought a small bottle of  
before leaving London for West Africa, and used  
it myself with beneficial result, treating some  
of my comrades with equal success (though some of  
them were very bad). I should be very glad to  
recommend it to anyone about to travel in a trou-  
perous climate, where they are so much exposed to  
this dangerous malady.

Gratefully yours,

G. SMITH,

"Band," R.I.F.C.

DR. J. C. BROWNE

(late Army Medical Staff)  
DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which  
he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne  
the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition  
of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered  
Analysis (organic substances defying elimination)  
and since the formula has never been published  
is evident that any statement to the effect that  
compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne  
must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons desire  
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CHLORODYNE. — Vice-Chancellor  
Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in the  
Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE  
was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVEN-  
TOR of CHLORODYNE, and the  
whole story of the defendant's  
was deliberately untrue, and he re-  
solved to say that it had been sworn to  
the Times, July 13, 1864.

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CHLORODYNE

IS THE TRUE PALLIATIVE FOR

NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER

TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE

Rapidly cuts short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC

PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

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